ON TOP

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 49. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 9TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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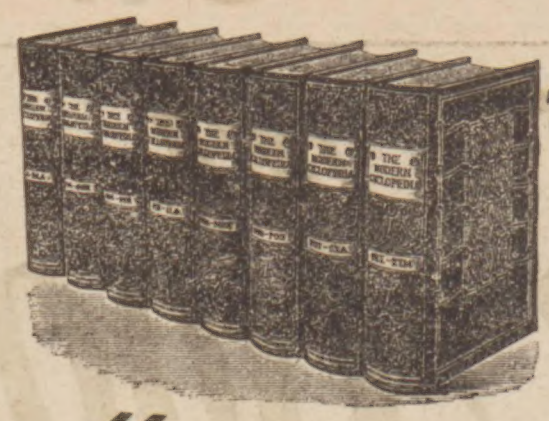

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who aares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 49. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 9TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

MONEY FROM YOUR PEN.

By THE EDITOR.

A considerable proportion of the articles and stories which appear in this paper are the work of professional journalists, but many are from the pens of writers who take up literary work only in their spare time.

A good deal of the success we have achieved must be attributed to this latter fact. Originality of idea is the best quality a contribution can have, and I have found as the result of experience that this novelty of outlook is more often met with in the work of the amateur writer than in that of his professional brother.

For just that reason I make it a strict rule that no manuscript shall leave this office unread. This course entails a large amount of work, much of it useless, for the majority of amateur efforts are not up to the required standard; but when you have spent perhaps an hour wading through the unusables, you come upon a gem—in the rough, possibly, but worth the searching for.

Some of the articles which we receive from unknown writers are crude and ungrammatical, but they are carefully considered nevertheless, and if the matter is good we buy them, however atrocious their literary form may be; that can soon be remedied by one of our staff. It is the bright idea, the new fact we want, and these we buy irrespective of the way in which they are sent up to us.

This brings me to the point I want to drive home. You who read these lines know something that is not generally known; you can always tell your friends something interesting about your trade or your hobby; and you can entertain them with a humorous story. Why not try it on us?

We guarantee that everything sent in will be properly considered, and we shall pay for all we use. As I have endeavoured to show, the lack of literary training need not keep you from trying; you supply the facts and ideas, and leave the setting to us.

Possibly you can supply it.

Let your first effort be something short. A column article takes less time and trouble to write than a two-column one, and it has, moreover, the additional advantage of being more likely to be accepted. We use more single columns than double, so that our market for the former is greater.

If you want your manuscript sent back, enclose a stamped addressed envelope with it; otherwise, in the event of rejection, it will be destroyed.

By the way, we cannot accept responsibility for manuscripts accidentally lost, though, of course, we exercise all due care.

Above all things, don't roll your manuscript; fold it. An American editor expressed the same thing more beautifully than I could. He said: "Keep your manuscript flat. Send it between two mill-stones, if you like, but keep it flat. The man who rolls his manuscript should be sent to hell—and will."

CHEEK.

It seems that the pathetic instance of a new species of monkey dying from cold on its way to England is no subject for jest. But Ponders will persist in saying that obviously this modern monkey had not such a good circulation as the modern man.

* * * * * * *

M. Santos Dumont has made the patents of his aeroplane public property, so that at a comparatively small cost everyone may take up aeroing. We thought it would not be long before he revenged himself upon the fickle public that deserted him to worship Blériot and Latham.

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Two lady novelists have retired from novel-writing. None of the gentlemen have been so kind, as yet.

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During the Territorial camps it was said that an enormous quantity of fruit was consumed by all ranks. We know now what Mr. Kipling meant when he mentioned "orficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart."

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The "Daily Mirror" informed its readers that Princess Juliana of Holland cut her first tooth without any trouble. The aforesaid readers are breathlessly awaiting what will happen over the second.

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A man named Drinkwater made his thirty-eighth appearance at court for being drunk and nicapable. "I *don't* think" might be added to his name.

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It is said that flats are again springing into popularity in the West-End. The sharps who go racing have had a marked taste for them for years.

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A boy, aged twelve, it is said, waited all day outside the gallery door of Drury Lane Theatre for the production of "The Whip." His father could probably have done it sooner.

* * * * * * *

Under the heading of Littlehampton, the "Daily Telegraph" said "Local ladies are producing an operetta this week for the benefit of the local hospital." The hospital doctors must be hard up for cases when they have to be made for them like that.

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The money obtained from visitors who pay for admission to view Arundel Castle is given to charity. So the Duke of Norfolk is not yet ruined by this Budget.

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A few of the dramatic critics have expressed their delight at the fact that the "woman-with-the-past" theme is not now so popular with our play-producers. It is the woman's present that bothers us in these days—especially when she insists that only diamonds suit her style of beauty.

J. B. PONDERS.

VANITY.

A DEFENCE OF A MASCULINE WEAKNESS.

There is a popular superstition that vanity is a vice. I am going to stand up for it as a virtue.

A little vanity is an excellent thing, and one can be vain without going to extremes and becoming a fop or a dandy. I am not dealing here with conceit, which is simply an exaggerated estimation of oneself as a whole, but with vanity, which is a very different thing.

A man is only vain about his personal appearance, and it is very desirable that he should be. If everyone went about not caring what he looked like, the world would be a dismal place indeed.

Personally I experience much the same sort of pleasure on seeing a well-dressed, well-groomed man as I do on seeing a good picture or a beautiful landscape, and I have no doubt that many others are affected in the same way.

If you can, simply by your appearance, give pleasure, even in the smallest degree, to your fellow-men, it is surely worth doing. By all means be vain, and let the puritan and the recluse say what they will.

I know a man—the very best and manliest of my friends—who carries a pocket-mirror and a comb about with him, whose moustache—for he is a soldier—is carefully brushed, and, I have a shrewd suspicion, subjected at night to a course of treatment from one of those elastic things that are supposed to keep it in place. His trousers are not only made long enough to turn up at the ankle, but are pressed and sewn turned up.

And why not? It is the fashion with a tweed or lounge suit to turn up the trousers. Ladies may make facetious remarks about your coming into their drawing-rooms as if they were a muddy road, and keeping your trousers turned up on a blazing hot summer day. But they will think it the most natural thing in the world to have their own cuffs turned back because it looks well—though if you suggested that it was because their hands were dirty they might be not a little annoyed.

I sometimes catch my chum setting his hair straight surreptitiously with the aid of his little looking-glass and comb—surreptitiously, for he, too, thinks he is doing something wrong, and imagines that even I should think him unmanly if I saw him do it.

On the contrary, I maintain that it is a man's duty to go through life looking his best, instead of slopping along anyhow. His clothes may not be expensive, but they may be neat, and every man can be clean and "well-groomed."

The type of vanity I cannot stand is that of the "artist," who is proud of his unkempt and bizarre appearance, his long hair and "finely chiselled" features.

When vanity becomes conceit of this kind it is most objectionable, and when it leads to affectation, it is the devil. But the sort of vanity that makes a man turn his trousers up is, I repeat, a virtue.

ALAN HAMER.

MEN WHO HAVE MADE FOOTBALL

SOME OF THE ORGANISERS OF THE ASSOCIATION GAME.

Modern football—that is, the game as we know it to-day—is a product of the last quarter of a century, and this is easily understood when I mention that the Southern League did not become an active body until 1895.

The growth still goes on, and it is due to an enthusiastic body of amateurs, led by a millionaire.

Lord Kinnaird is a banker and a sportsman. He is an old Etonian, but it was at Trinity College, Cambridge, that he became prominent in the movement which ultimately resulted in the establishment of the Association game.

Then he joined the Wanderers, and in 1868 was elected to the committee of the Football Association.

KINNAIRD'S RECORD.

His first appearance in an important match was for Scotland v. England two years later, and he also appeared in 1873 as forward at Kennington Oval. The Englishmen won by four goals to two. There was an attendance of nearly 3,000 spectators, which caused many expressions of surprise, according to the various accounts of the match, for at that time it was unprecedented.

He had a wonderful cup-tie career, and has no less than five cup medals, gained with the Wanderers and the Etonians. Altogether he took part in nine final ties, the last in 1883.

Never since the white trousers of "old Kinnaird" have disappeared from their ranks have the boys from Eton been a force in football. Down to nineteen years ago he played regularly, and he gave up the game only when he approached the half-century.

He is the hero of many a story. In one match his feet, which always moved twice as fast as any other man's in a scrimmage, frequently came in contact with those of his opponents, and C. W. Alcock, who was captain of the Harrovians, took advantage of a pause in the play and asked: "Are we going to play the game, or are we going to have hacking?"

"Oh, let's have hacking!" was Kinnaird's cheery reply, and they did.

ACCIDENT-PROOF.

It was doubtless this extraordinary quickness of his legs that made him proof against accidents, for he was never hurt, although he never adopted the modern precaution of wearing shinguards.

Sir Francis Marindin is said to have once called upon Lady (then Mrs.) Kinnaird, who expressed her fear that "Arthur would some day come home with a broken leg."

"Don't be alarmed," was the response, "for if he does it will not be his own."

His lordship is, perhaps, even better known for his working connection with the Young Men's Christian Association and other branches of religious work. At Rossie Priory, in Perthshire, Lord Kinnaird is renowned for his kindness and consideration to friends and neighbours, even to the humblest ploughman.

A few weeks ago, when the minister of his parish church was ill, Lord Kinnaird was asked to take the service, and he readily responded.

He is a strenuous worker, and few who see that quiet, homely, but earnest man would pick him out as the "grand old man" of football. He has shown the world at large the possibility of a man being at once a player and deeply imbued with an evangelical motive.

Mr. J. C. Clegg is the Chairman of the Council of the Association, and has been the spokesman of the parent body throughout the troublous times of the close season.

He has been connected with the game since its commencement, and played in the first match between England and Scotland. He played with Sheffield Wednesday, and took part in many games in the district. He was one of the best referees that ever stepped on to the field, but, while still an active official, he gave up this important work because, it is said, of some exceedingly offensive remarks which appeared in certain papers.

As an athlete he had a very distinguished career. He commenced running in 1867, and finished in 1874. During these eight years he won 129 prizes, of which at least 100 were firsts. He was several times credited with running 100 yards in 10 seconds, although such a record was not recognised until many years afterwards. In any case he had many very notable performances standing to his credit, and, although now very old, he is still active. He is a total abstainer, and has never indulged in smoking. Sometimes the players who err appear before him, and one thus described his experience: "He turned me inside out, he did, but he is as straight as they make them"—a splendid tribute, but he deserves it, for he is a man possessed of a strong will, perfect confidence in his own convictions, and a determination not often defeated to carry his point.

THE SECRETARY.

Mr. F. J. Wall, the hard-working secretary of the Association, is to be warmly congratulated on the way in which he fills a splendid position. He succeeded to it on the resignation of C. W. Alcock thirty years ago.

He was in his day a fine goalkeeper, and used to represent Middlesex. He was also the originator of the Association for Referees.

He was trained in the legal profession, and this knowledge must have been very valuable to him in the discharge of the difficult duties which fall to his share.

All the year round you may find him in his place at High Holborn, always accessible and always ready to answer any questions that may be put to him. Few men are more absolutely just, but he has never tried the impossible task of pleasing everybody.

Day by day his responsibilities increase, and he is certainly not the least important of the officials who carry on the work of the most wonderful sporting organisation that exists.

WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur).

A NOVEL HOBBY.

In these days of military ardour, and interest in all war-like things, there can be no better hobby for a Territorial than to collect swords.

Of course, the man who travels has greater facilities for picking up foreign weapons, but it is not at all necessary for these to be included, and the man who has never been beyond the confines of his Island home, can still get together a very fair collection by hunting round the dealers' shops, or by rummaging in the lumber rooms of his own family or his friends.

Many an old farmhouse is rich in such treasures, and plenty of relics of a warlike past are hidden away in the dusty garrets, which the owners would be willing to part with at nominal prices.

Many pleasant half-hours can be spent arranging these trophies of fights forgotten, and they make a fine ornament to a fellow's own particular den, besides being calculated to excite interest and possible envy in the breasts of visitors.

MALE EMOTIONS.

XI. FRIENDSHIP.

I like to think of friendship as a cheerful fire in what would be otherwise a cold and dismal room.

Friendship between man and man is a warming, comforting, often inspiriting thing. It is a peculiar emotion, owning no sex magnetism, dependent upon mutual liking, and, above all, upon mutual trust.

I like to reflect that it is possible for two people to be deeply attached to each other quite apart from any influence of sex. It is pretty universally believed that real and abiding friendship between a man and a woman is rare, if not impossible; that sooner or later that subtle inexplicable influence of sex creeps in and either brings the man and the woman to the state called being in love or makes them aware of temperamental aversion.

I am inclined to doubt this universal belief. Of course, when a man feels friendship for another, of necessity influence of sex is eliminated. They meet on the level of common interests, common likes and dislikes; their views may immensely differ, but each recognises a kinship of spirit.

But more than this, men's friendship is encouraging and inspiriting by reason of the very fact that it cannot exist without mutual trust. You may know your chum to possess any amount of objectionable characteristics, but you trust him not to feel them towards yourself, though at times habit may make him display them.

Distrust your chum, become conscious that he is beginning to be insincere, that sometimes he is a liar to you, and friendship is assassinated, unless you have it out with him.

At heart he may still be sound and steadfast, you yourself may be at fault. Have it out! Between men, there's nothing like a downright, straightforward talk. You may even come to a row and a fight. Good! Thunderstorms are excellent for clearing the air.

As for friendship between a man and a woman, or the impossibility of it, little cogitation is needed to perceive that it can only endure so long as sex-feeling does not exist. I have not yet dealt with the emotion of Love in this series, but it is timely to mention here that friendship has nothing whatever in the world to do with the love that makes people desire to marry, or, in other words, makes them incomplete without each other.

Hence, Platonic friendships between young men and maidens may exist in the romantic imagination of youth, but in actual fact they more often ripen into love. Plato's knowledge of human nature, vast as it was, was sometimes at fault.

It is when there is pronounced disparity in age, as when a young fellow feels honest and not far from reverential friendship for a woman old enough to be his mother—perhaps, indeed, she is the mother of his pal—or when the man's intellectual interests tally with the woman's friendship strong and unpretending exists.

With such women, especially if they are true and loyal wives, a man may have an honest, open friendship.

They are more impersonal, of wider understanding, than the majority of their single sisters; and generally they have tasted suffering, which is the only master-key to the human heart.

However, the friendship that wields the greatest power with men is the friendships of their fellows.

In the career of all of us many have been made and not a few proved unworthy—a bitter realisation this—but when the emotion stands the test of time and changed circumstances, it occupies an unchallengeable position in life, and it is one of the sacred possessions about which one is reluctant to speak.

To his friend, his chum, his dear old pal, a fellow can speak of his high and splendid hopes, his miseries, his difficulties, and be confident of sympathy. Together they can be full of sport, full of devilry, together go through all the thousand mixed experiences that flesh is heir to—and still be grappled together by hooks of steel. I raise my glass to Friendship—and to you.

C. WOLFE.

A STUDY.

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

"Oh fill the cup. What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet?"
—Omar Khayyam.

HIS CUP OF PLEASURE

In an office beneath the glow of an electric light, a Man bent over his desk and worked on.

The clock above the mantelpiece showed that midnight had long since passed, and Time was ticking into the small hours. Outside there was the jingle of an occasional passing hansom and the rising hum of a car slipping luxuriously through to the West.

But the Man was oblivious of these things. He was in the City still. The lights of the West End, the tinsel gaiety, the underlying rottenness had no attraction for him.

His hair was iron-grey, his forehead lined before its time, his back bent. There were marks around his eyes—those keen grey eyes of his that seemed to look into men's minds and read their purpose so cleverly, so well. He was the embodiment of accuracy and order. Even his desk spoke of that. There were drawers neatly marked and ticketed pigeon-holes. The papers and bonds on his desk were piled as exactly as a pack of cards.

The clock unobtrusively chimed once. The man laid down his pen and took the telephone receiver off the rack.

"47118 Wimbledon," he said.

The line, of course, was clear. He was answered quickly.

"That you, James?—Is Mr. Gerald home?—No, it doesn't matter. Tell your mistress I am very busy. I shall not be home to-night. Good-night, James."

The sound of his own voice grated on his ears in the silent room. The words of his servant echoed somehow in his ears. "Mr. Gerald home, sir? Of *course* not, sir—not at *one* o'clock. Any message for him, sir?"

That boy of his was always so very late. Young men usually——

Somehow the Man's pen was attracted to that big sheet in front of him again——

If a certain amount of capital was utilised on that new machine plant, it would mean the saving of labour to the extent of——

He puckered his brows and was deep in figures once more. Then he referred to the contract estimates and his lips tightened into a grim smile. It would almost amount to a monopoly and gradually So-and-So and Co. could be bought in —or, better, crushed!

Through the open window an uproarious music-hall song was borne on the heated breeze. A few roysterers were making their way to Liverpool Street to catch the last trains to the Eastern suburbs. The refrain floated up to the Man at work.

"'Ave you any more at 'ome like Mar—y,
For this little girl—pom-pom—will just suit me!"

"Ooray! Let's have it again, Jim. Let 'er go! Be, appy! You're a devil of a long time dead. Crikey, 'ere's a copper! 'Ere, dahn Change Alley and cut along back by Gricechurch Street!"

"'Ave you any more at 'ome like ——"

With a muttered imprecation, the Man strode to the window, shut it up, and barred out the sounds of the street below, where a policeman shouted an admonition to the riotous young men to "stow it before there's trouble."

Then the Man turned his attention to the sheet before him, and worked for an hour. At last he rose and laid his pen down carefully. From a cupboard he took a big rug, and he sat down in an armchair by the screened fireplace.

He arranged the rug over him . . . and stretched out his arm to switch off the electric light. Click! Almost all the room was in shadow. The mellow moon shone through the window on to his upturned, reposeful face.

A smile appeared gradually, playing around his lips. Slowly he put out his arm to grasp something; the fingers closed as if to hold a cup. He raised his hand close to his lips and dropped it again ever so gently.

The Angel of Joy had stood before him and held out to him his Cup of Pleasure. He drank deep. . . . The fluid was golden—but it lacked the racing bubbles of life.

* * *

With his opera hat tipped to the back of his head, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his overcoat hanging carelessly over his arm, a young man made uncertain progress down Shaftesbury Avenue. On either side of him were two other men, and collectively the company were doing their little best to guide each other aright.

Crusty old gentlemen turning out of the theatres, and waiting for cabs, remarked on the degeneracy of present day Youth, and said that sort of thing did not go on in their time. Jovial old gentlemen observed that "it was ever thus."

The gay band rolled on uncertainly down the Avenue to the corner of the London Pavilion.

"Now," said the young man in the centre, "the most sober will now favour us with an inspiration."

Promptly, a youth on the outside started singing rather creakily—

"Have you—any more at home like Mar-y,
For this little girl—pom-pom—will just suit me!"

The others, with the exception of the youth in the centre, repeated the chorus.

A policeman politely requested them to stop, and found also that politeness paid.

"Y' know, constable, I asked 'im for an inspiration—somewhere to go next, y' know, not a song. Now, look here Bobby, we'll take your tip. Where *shall* we go?"

"Yes!" the others chorused. "Where—shall—we—go!"

"Home," advised Robert briefly.

"Home?" asked a slight-moustached, frail-looking gentleman, much alarmed.

"There's no place like home," said the policeman sententiously.

"Quite right—when there's nowhere else to go," observed a youth, distinguished from the rest because his white bow had risen to an angle of forty-five degrees.

A newspaper boy passing inquired anxiously whether "Yer farver knows yer aht?"

The young man in the centre, with the cool deliberation produced by a certain mild stage of intoxication, set his hat aright.

"Now that's a ticklish question, isn't it boys? To tell you the whole bally truth, I don't think my father *does* know I'm out!"

The others roared and the policeman became pressing in his invitation to them to "move on."

The young man in the centre pulled his companions across the Circus to the Haymarket.

"Look here," he said, "a final drink, and then, Robert's advice—Home!"

"Come on then. This is a good mixed-drinks shanty. Up these stairs."

"Don't blunder over *me*, you fool!"

"Damn you, you've knocked my hat off!"

"Clumsy brute!"

Amid such pleasantries the band mounted the stairs and proceeded forthwith swallow Manhattan Caressers.

"What a charmin' girl!" said t young man with the forty-five-degr tie, winking at the lady behind t bar.

"Does your pater know you are out, Willie asked the damsel, pleasantly. "I should thi you want a bit of keeping in the path of righteou ness. What?"

"Ra*ther*!" observed the youth, delighted to thought a dasher of sorts.

"I should think you've led a deuce of a life of it, eh?" the lady went on, with elaborate sarcasm. "How long is it since they put you into trousers?"

Again the company giggled appreciatively.

"Crawley, what the dooce are you looking so sick about?" asked someone, suddenly. "One would think you'd been slaving hard for weeks."

"Not likely. Gerald leaves that to the old man. Well, daresay you'll be able to spend whatever he makes, eh?" said the youth with the now vertical bow. "Cheer up, old sporty. My round. Flossie—ditto repeato, and half time on the ice, there. Make it extra stiff for Jerry; he's got the bloomin' blues."

"Not I!" exclaimed Crawley, raising his glass. "Here's to my dear old Guv'nor. May he go on making the shiners and——"

"You'll spend it for him. Hooray! Tune her up, boys! All—together!"

"Oh, have you any more at home like Flossie?
For this little girl—pom-pom—will just suit me!"

"Goo'-night. Good-night. Night."

The confederacy rolled uncertainly down the stairs, and the porter, at Mr. Gerald Crawley's request, hailed a taxi-cab.

"The Maples—Wimbledon," said Mr. Gerald Crawley, waving his friends farewell.

It was some time later that the man in the hall of The Maples, whose surname none save the Master appeared to know, stretched his legs and listened. It was the familiar sound of a taxi-cab coming up the drive.

"Wonder 'ow well Mr. Gerald 'll have dined to-night," he ruminated. "'Crawley an' Son.' Oh yes, '*and* Son.' Pity the Master don't pay more attention to makin' a man of his boy, than continually makin' money."

He opened the heavy oaken door.

"James—James! Ah, there you are. Come on and give us a hand, old sport. This bally cab's all doors. All right, driver, James 'll pay! He's got a dam' good head for figures—James. Come on, James, and *you* pay the drivers of these taxi-cabs. . . . Good night, you drivers. (I tell you there are *two* cabs, James.) Here, I say, James, chap says to me, he says, 'Does your father know you're out.' That's a bit rich, ain't it? Then girl in a bar says 'does y'r father know you're out!'——"

"He does," said James, shortly. "Rang up and asked if you were in. Had to say no, in case he called for you to speak to 'im over the 'phone."

"Oh—all ri'." The young man, his face deathly pale in the moon, swayed slightly. The ever-watchful James caught him.

"You come straight to bed, sir."

"All ri', James. Give us your arm. Dam' fool. . . 'Merican cocktails . . Mixed drinks . ."

"That's all right, sir—you stick to me and mind the stairs."

* * *

James gave a last look at the Master's only son, as he lay with his pale face on the pillow. His eyes were closed and he was breathing a little heavily. One hand lay limply outside the coverlet.

A smile appeared gradually, playing around his lips. Slowly, he put out his arm to grasp something; the fingers closed as if to hold a cup. He raised his hand close to his lips and dropped it again ever so gently.

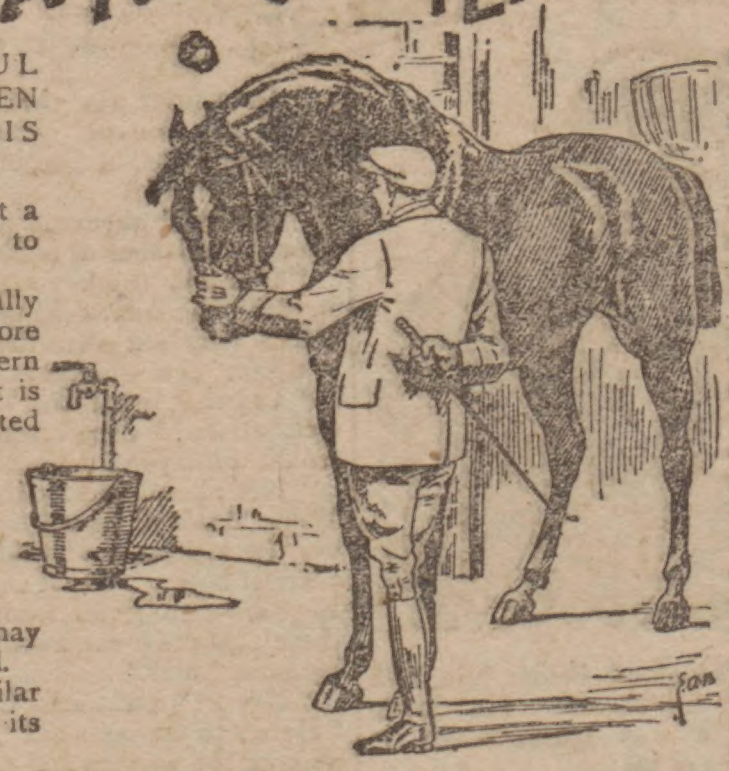
The Angel of Joy had stood before him and held out to him his Cup of Pleasure. He drank deep. . . . The fluid was ruby red—the vintage of Life—but its dregs were bitter indeed.

James switched out the light and closed the door.

"A dam' shame!" he said, softly.

THINGS A HORSE TEACHES A MAN.

THE WONDERFUL SYMPATHY BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS MOUNT.



The finest thing that a man can be taught is to become more manly.

This fact is gradually being more and more realised in all modern forms of education. It is now generally admitted that the advantage of being educated at a great public school lies far more in the virility engendered than in any smattering of Greek or of Latin that may be temporarily acquired.

Life serves a similar purpose, though it does its work more slowly.

I consider that one of the most rapid and effective means of education, so far as a man's manliness is concerned, is his intimate association with a horse.

Of course, I mean a horse that is worth a man's attention.

Look at the various drivers that you meet in the street, and verify or contradict the statements I am making in this article.

You will find some whose clothes are untidy, whose boots are laced only half way up, and whose faces bespeak no greater desire than beer. They are the men whose horses are not a source of pride to them.

On the other hand, you will find drivers whose clothes are not one whit better or more costly than those of the others, but who yet take a pride in their appearance and maintain what tidiness their work permits.

TRIM AND TAUT.

You will see no loose strings dangling at the curtains of their van covers, no unpolished buckles on their harness. Everything is trim, and made to look as well as circumstances will allow.

The man has learned, through his pride in his horse, to take a pride in himself and in his general turnout. To have such a pride is one of the finest lessons a man can learn.

It is a noteworthy fact that when a young man joins a cavalry regiment, whether Regular or Territorial, he almost invariably sets about smartening himself up. Physical culture appeals to him as it never did before, and the clothes brush is more frequently applied to its proper office.

A good horse or even a passable one is a thing of tremendous beauty, and when a man realises this and knows that his place is to be upon or behind such a horse, he pulls himself together and endeavours to bring himself up to a standard equivalent in the human scale to that which his horse has reached in the equine.

ANIMAL PLUCK.

The things that a horse teaches a man do not end here, however. The horse teaches its rider or its driver courage.

If a horse is any good at all, he has a certain amount of superfluous, and often misdirected, energy, which induces him to become playful. It is then that his rider or driver has to use all his skill and determination in bending him to his will.

He knows that his strength is not a one-hundredth part of that of the animal he controls; he realises the inadequacy of the bridle and the reins, which are his helm and steering ropes; he knows that the horse cannot be controlled by science alone, and that part of his equipment of mastership must consist of sheer, ordinary, animal courage.

As soon as a man is afraid of a horse, the horse knows it, and the man realising this, must never allow himself to be afraid.

Another thing, and a highly important one in a man's make-up, is tenderness, and this a horse teaches him.

You cannot for long be associated intimately with a horse without getting to love it.

You may have trouble at times, and an application of whip or spur may be necessary, but when the day's work is over, and you stand in the stable beside the horse and look at the shine on the coat which your own hands have produced, it is impossible for you to refrain from liking the horse.

Your work is done, and so is his. He is no longer puzzled as to what you desire him to do, no longer weary with pulling the load, no longer timid of the sights he sees. He and you are alone together, alone and in perfect sympathy.

LOVERS.

He bends his neck towards you and rubs your hand with his muzzle of velvet. Not velvet, for velvet is not so smooth. Rather is his nose like a woman's cheek.

It is in the stable, above all places, that you realise how much a horse depends upon you, that you appreciate the disease that might overtake him if you neglected him, and the squalor of his surroundings if you did not keep him clean. He knows, too, that he depends upon you for his comfort, and the whinny that welcomes you when he hears your step is his way of expressing thanks.

I think I may claim to have shown, therefore, that a horse teaches a man self-respect, courage, and tenderness, and if I were asked to give the three factors of manliness, I should be inclined to say that these were they.

JOHN HEIGHT.

"Old Smikes has cooked his own breakfast for twenty years."

"He must have been pretty hungry when he got it done."

STAGE SPECTACLES.

At the present moment there are running in London theatres several plays which depend for their popularity largely upon their stage effects, and very slightly upon the way in which they are acted.

Stage spectacles have been proved to have much greater powers of attracting the public than has dramatic art. Why is it so?

Why should the announcement "Dive into *real* water" draw an audience! Real water can be seen in greater quantity anywhere, and diving is not very exciting.

The appearance of a racehorse on the boards is another sure draw. Yet we can see racehorses without paying for the privilege, and think very little about them.

It appears to be a fact that the most ordinary circumstance of everyday life, when produced on the stage, will bring an audience. No one seems to know why, least of all the theatrical managers, but they do know how to turn the public failing to financial account.

"James," said Sir John to his butler, "the guests are arriving, and we've forgotten to order cigars."

"Gracious! so we have," cried James. "If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots, may I never!"

THE MAELSTROM.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

The fire gave one last despairing flicker, died down, and went out.

The man seated opposite did not move.

He was contemplating doing that which meant wrecking his honour and betraying his friend.

Hal Gray was in love with his neighbour's wife, and he did not intend to stop short there—he meant to have her.

It is an old fancy that each of us has a guardian angel—well, Hal Gray's was spreading her wings for flight.

Another second and she had gone.

The man got up, an evil light in his eyes, the determination to work havoc writ plain on his square jaw and hard mouth.

Honour took a back seat. He was prepared to risk everything in the maelstrom of passion.

* * * * *

A woman waited for her lover. Like another woman of long ago, she had sent him word that the goodman was not at home, but had gone on a far journey.

She was not a bad woman, only a weak one. Nature had possibly intended her for a good and pure one, but the world and her mother had sold her into a bondage from which she was fain to escape.

She loved Hal Gray, and the man had her in his power, even as his passion held him in chains. Neither was free—though the man prated of liberty.

The die was cast.

Crushed in his arms, swept away by the torrents of his passion, she could not reason. With his burning lips pressed to hers, how could she look calmly into the future?

She trusted her all to the man, and he thought to voyage safely in their frail bark on the whirlpool which never yet gave up its prey.

* * * * *

The next morning they each had a letter.

Hal's was just the letter a man writes to his pal.

Hers was the letter of a husband still in love with his wife.

The man hesitated.

To the woman it made no difference. She was as adamant. She urged their immediate flight.

They fled.

* * * * *

It was a luxuriously-furnished room. A man sat before a dying fire, with scowling brows and teeth savagely clenched.

He had begun to realise the perils of the whirlpool. They had had their first quarrel.

Why had he not left her alone?

But it was only the clock that ticked that question—the man's passion was not yet sated.

She was a lovely little thing—all white and gold, with blue eyes and a rosebud of a mouth.

He got up and stamped across the room, crushing a fan beneath his feet—her fan with a quaint picture on it, of a demon and an angel playing for a woman's soul.

He laughed as he picked it up. He had broken the ivory handle, but the picture was unhurt.

Then he spat out a curse, for the demon's face seemed like unto his own.

He turned the knob of the adjoining room and entered.

It was still, and the curtains were drawn, shutting out the white moonlight of a summer night.

"All in the dark, little woman?" he called out.

And the silence and the darkness answered him.

He struck a match. A tiny enough flame, but it showed him all he needed to know—the phial on the floor, the dead white face.

There was the sharp crack of a pistol, and Hal Gray fell beside the other still form.

They had gone down into the terrible vortex of the great maelstrom from whence none who are once caught within its terrible maw ever escape.

A. M. STEWART.

My Tie Drawer

AND SOME OF ITS MEMORIES.

To some men the past is a tragedy, a thing to be forgotten and eclipsed by the tolerable present and the glorious future. To me the past is a pleasant land where I may wander in imagination and forget the troubles of the present and the doubts and fears of what is yet to come.

I may even say that my chief delights are in retrospect, and I find the past, so far as it concerns me, epitomised in no less prosaic a place than my tie-drawer.

I am sorry to say I am not one of those people who can find the time or energy to fold up or press every tie as they take it off. One of my hobbies is the collecting of many ties, and they are all shot promiscuously into one of the top drawers of my dressing-table, and there they remain in rainbow-hued confusion until a miniature earthquake disturbs them each morning as I search for the one that is to grace my neck for the day.

I sometimes wonder if they duly appreciate the honour, and if there is any jealousy in that drawer when I shut it up and leave it. Certain of my ties are called out much more often than others, and some old friends have somehow fallen from favour, while others have had the misfortune to drop out of fashion. But I cannot find it in my heart to get rid of them, and the idea of their appearing on another neck is not to be contemplated.

TWO TIES OF BLACK.

The most elderly of all is of solemn black, and of a breadth and shape that would appear extraordinary to-day. It dates from my schooldays, when black was enforced by the rules.

Another plain black tie is of more recent date, and the memories it calls up are of the saddest. Yet even that can take my mind back to happy years before death led to separation, and to the addition of that outward and visible sign of mourning to my collection.

But the rest of the contents of that drawer—and it is always pretty full—have nothing but happy memories for me. Ties have always been my pet extravagance. I like a lot to choose from, and though I never pay a big price for ordinary ties, I stick at nothing where club colours, or other ties that that tell a story, are concerned.

THE LAURELS OF THE PAST.

There is a motley collection of many-hued striped ties, and most of them at some time or another have represented temporarily the end and aim of my ambitions. There is the old school cricket tie, which might replace the black one with flannels only, and which was the first distinction which singled out the budding cricketer from the common herd. I remember how horribly above myself I was when I first "got my tie"; I don't think even the Eleven cap that followed it meant so much to me.

Next in age is a well-worn tie of three colours—those of the "Old Boys" of my school, and many a friend have I picked up in the most out-of-the-way corners of the country—even of the world—thanks to the tie that betokened my old school.

Then there is a series of variegated ties that take me back to college days, from the colours of the little club that we started in my Freshman's year—how well I remember drawing up the pages and pages of rules which were broken with the greatest regularity—to the far less garish one that I wore with such pride when I first represented my 'Varsity in the athletic field.

The colours of the college, that only those might sport on a tie who had represented it in some form of sport, add yet another to my trophies, and there are reminders of half a dozen clubs—some athletic, some just little bands of kindred spirits who made some excuse such as a dinner or the reading of a paper or play for meeting together and spending an often rather too convivial evening.

Those days are long past now and most of the clubs are dead. Others survive and flourish, but I am no more to them than a mere name in the minute book—a person apparently who wasted much time in asking frivolous questions, and discharged the offices of secretary and president, which always seemed to fall to my lot sooner or later, with indifferent success.

REMINDERS.

Yet the ties remain to me, and I wear them still at intervals—those, at least, which are not too startling, for in the exuberance of youth one is apt to be a little reckless in choosing the colours for a new club, and then it *is* so difficult to get hold of anything new.

But there is a newer tie among the others, and of its chaste combination of colours I am particularly proud, for I designed it myself.

The footer club that sports it was entirely the product of my own initiative and labour. I started it and ran it on my own in the days when hard work had begun and Saturday afternoon was all I could spare for active sport.

I was secretary and treasurer—yes, and captain, too, just at first—and it meant a bit of work, I can tell you. But it was worth it all to see the club grow and become a recognised institution, and to see the lickings we could give some of the older clubs from round about.

My cap hangs on the wall now, and I can no longer play for the club of which I was the father, for I live many miles away, but I still can wear its tie, which meant so much to me in its early days and I follow its doings in the papers and know that it still flourishes.

WHITE AND PURPLE.

There's a white dress bow, too, that I wore not so very long ago at the Gilmour's dance—gad! I remember the hours I spent trying to get it into shape.

It, too, calls up memories of an evening of pure enjoyment, of lilting waltzes and palms—and screens. It was behind one of the latter that—well, never mind.

And then as I stand smoking the last pipe and gazing into the open drawer, letting the tangled colours carry me back into the past, and incidentally wondering which I will wear to-morrow, my eye is caught by a purple tie of knitted silk, quite a plain affair and of a more or less subdued hue, and that means more to me than all the rest.

It is the first tie that Someone ever knitted for me.

I remember how I used to watch her working at it, how she tried to teach me to do it too. I was not exactly cut out for knitting, but I would have done crochet or darned socks to sit beside her and feel the touch of her fingers.

Of course, I was a silly fool, but the strongest of men get like that sometimes, and I believe she rather liked teaching me—at least, she says she did.

Anyway, she used to unravel the few rows I had done as soon as she was alone. I try to think that she did it, like Penelope unravelling her web, to make it last longer, but I have a shrewd suspicion that it was because my knitting was so beastly rotten.

H. Hallett.

ROLLER-RINKERS.

SOME TYPES.

First, the little tin god on wheels—the fessional instructor. Of course, many instru are quiet, modest men, but do I err in s ing the instructor often appears to think a might of himself?

Perhaps it is not his fault; he receives m adulation, especially from the ladies. And t he sees much of the weakness of human nature

He sees strong men shivering on their skates important personages come to him, hat in hand, humbly beseeching him to teach them; novices cling to him, both literally and metaphorically.

Moreover, he may be, as rumour so often has it, a nobleman in disguise, a much-injured son of a damned disinheriting Duke, an Oxford graduate who prefers skating to schoolmastering. He has sometimes "side" enough for even a popular actor.

The cheerful idiot: he enjoys tumbling down, and if he can contrive to involve others in his fall, his cup of happiness overflows. He consistently breaks the rules of the rink, skates the wrong way, stops dead in the middle of a stream, selects the fairway for adjusting his straps, and often turns out in a pair of flimsy shoes, and is carried home with a sprained ankle.

The amateur expert—oh! he is a joy to watch. He often fancies himself as a lady-killer, and dresses the part—Norfolk jacket, knee-breeches, plaid stockings, high boots, alleged 'Varsity sweater and muffler, with straw hat with alleged Guards or M.C.C. ribbon. To do him justice he can skate, but I do wish he would take his hands out of his pockets, and occasionally join the throng instead of circling in splendid isolation in the centre.

There is another variety of the expert: he is often a quiet, middle-aged man, who takes his skating very, very seriously. He performs mysterious figures round an orange, and does it all with the air of a man achieving a solemn and important duty.

The superior onlooker: to hear him talk, he could give any professional points in skating. To my great joy I once saw such an one taken down. He was a West-End "Johnny," and he had with him a very pretty little lady.

Did he skate? Oh—ah—by Jove! yes—eh, what? Wouldn't he like to go on? Oh—ah—by Jove!—nothin' he'd like better—but wasn't feelin' quite the clean potato, you know—eh, what?—and besides, his skates were at Prince's—hey—haw—beastly nuisance, eh, what?

But the little lady insisted, and so did ribald spectators, and at last very reluctantly he allowed the attendant to buckle on a pair of skates. He was a thing of beauty when he stepped on to the rink, and he was a joy to the spectators for about fifty seconds, during which time he contrived to skate on every portion of his anatomy except his feet.

The hooligan, or rather the hooligans—bands of idiotic young bounders who go tearing about arm-in-arm, crashing into inoffensive skaters, making rude remarks to unprotected girls—they are confounded nuisances who should be sternly repressed.

The novice, who makes the mistake of trying to strike out when the whole secret of learning to roller-skate is to *walk*, just as if you had no skates on your feet.

The roller-rink girl, very trim and rather haughty, affects a fur toque and an accordion-pleated skirt. I hope that is the correct term. Has pretty ankles and knows it. I am not sure of her status in life, but I imagine that she belongs to the middle-middle classes. She can take care of herself.

The fat girl, who has been ordered exercise by her doctor. Probably you know her; possibly she has sat on you.

The dreamy girl, who swings round with eyes half-closed, and as if in a trance. She is sometimes accompanied by an extremely commonplace young man, whom she regards with badly-concealed scorn.

T. W. Kelly.

What Our Readers Say.

TURNING HORSEMANSHIP TO ACCOUNT.

It is quite possible if you own a good horse and are a capable horseman to make something out of it by entering the jumping competitions which are held in connection with all agricultural shows and country sports, and to get a lot of sport out of it, even if you don't always carry off the prizes.

In addition to everything else there is the excitement and that delightful uncertainty which adds zest to the undertaking.

You are going in to win, of course, though there is just a chance of a better man being before you, but if you are a real sportsman you'll know how to lose.

The entrance fees vary at different shows, but the prizes are always good and well worth competing for.

A chap I knew used to go in for these competitions regularly, and made a good thing out of it.

Of course, there are the expenses of travelling, both for self and horse, and inn and livery-stable charges, in addition to the fees to be reckoned with.

But given a first-rate jumper and a firm seat, the risks don't count for much with a sportsman.

There is one thing, however, which the man who aspires to be a quasi-professional must bear in mind.

He must know his horse thoroughly, his limitations as well as his capabilities, for though chance is the only deity in all these things, it is wise not to take risks needlessly.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

I see that the National Anthem has been ordered to be played quicker. I think it a great mistake myself, as it detracts from its solemn, stately, grandeur.

I have heard it on strange instruments and in various circumstances, but never has it affected me as it did one Saturday night two years ago.

I had been holiday-making on the Continent, and had arrived at Ostend on Saturday morning. I had been quite alone all the week, and speaking very little of any language except my own, I had begun to be a bit tired of the throaty jabbering around me. Towards eleven o'clock at night I found myself in one of the large and elegant cafés close to the Digue.

The band, which had been playing during the evening, suddenly struck up the French national air, following it up with those of other nations. And as each air was played the people of the various nations—Ostend is very cosmopolitan—sang the words in their own tongue.

Presently the band began to play "God Save the King," and instantly, in various parts of the room, men and women sprang to their feet, with eyes flashing, each looking to each, and the words of the grand old song rang out in the clear Anglo-Saxon, in strong contrast to the guttural voices around us.

Though strangers to one another, we seemed curiously drawn together.

"Send him victorious" — the men's forms straightened, and as we thought of England, home, and friends, our hearts went into the song.

Something of the same spirit seemed to have caught hold of everyone, and as the strains died away there was a strange hush.

The place seemed to empty quickly, and I presently found myself outside with the cool sea breeze blowing on my cheek.

It was an experience I shall never forget.

MY COUNTRY HOLIDAY.

It was my first taste of real country life.

I mean to have more, but the first is indelibly impressed on my memory.

I am city born and bred.

True, I can ride a bit and swim a little, and I thought I could shoot some—but somehow the farmer who boarded and lodged me didn't seem to have much opinion of my talents—anyhow, he grunted rudely, I thought.

Unfortunately I had chosen a district and time of year when the harvest bug gets busy with the unoffending visitor, and I did have a time of it at first—afterwards I didn't mind.

I made rather a mess of shooting, too, but I paid Farmer Giles well for the loss of his best gamecock, and he consented to overlook it.

The creek overflowed while I was there, and I offered to rescue a valuable brood of chickens in a hen coop, but somehow I had to be rescued instead.

Awfully deceptive things—creeks!

Beyond losing my way several times, treading on a hayfork and skinning my hands and face, nothing untoward happened.

Yes, I enjoyed it; you bet it was the time of my life.

Farmer Giles said it was his also.

SHOULD A MAN WEAR JEWELLERY?

How much jewellery can a man wear consistently with the canons of good taste?

I myself like plain gold links, a simple scarf slide or plain gold or pearl pin, and a signet ring. Some of my chums laugh at me, and say this is too much—I don't know. A few hints from Captain Saunders on this subject might help a chap a bit.

Of course, one does not want to look like a pawnbroker's assistant or a music-hall manager—who, so tradition says, are loaded with sparkling gems—but I must confess to a weakness for the articles above mentioned.

And that reminds me. One of my best pals used to sport a diamond ring on his little finger—the real genuine article.

Many a time I have remonstrated with him, it looked so flashy, but a time came when I blessed him for it.

We were on our uppers in a certain seaside town, and a lovely night it was, rain coming down in sheets, and a miserable wind inside and out.

We didn't know a soul either, and hadn't a stiver between us. Supper and bed seemed as far away from us as the North Pole, and as useless as trying to find it without the ready, when as the result of a happy thought, my friend's diamond ring saved the situation.

"Uncle" volunteered to take care of it, and gave us its equivalent—with a difference—and we dined and slept and breakfasted and got back to civilisation on that diamond ring!

WE WANT PARAGRAPHS.

Something of strong masculine interest, something from your own personal experience—not dry facts from a reference book.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. A. Clarke, 92, Military Road, Northampton, for "God Save the King."

NOT A BAD IDEA!

A friend of mine has just got back from his annual holiday. He was tanned all over to a fine golden brown.

"Hullo," I said, "been going in for sun baths?"

"No," he answered, "not exactly. Something rather out of the common, and every bit as good, if not better, than those much-talked-of baths."

"Tell us all about it," and he thereupon waxed eloquent.

"It is a sort of variation of that mode of locomotion which is common in the Fen Counties, and also in Holland—stilts.

"This is how we managed. A party of us went down to a place where there is more mud than waves, and agreed to become for the time aquatic creatures.

"Our costume consisted solely of bathing-drawers and our outfit a long pole tipped with iron. With this we disported ourselves in the mud when the tide had gone out.

"By means of this pole we were enabled to get across the numerous creeks, 'too broad for leaping' without such aid, which abound in the Essex marshes, and we became great adepts at our novel sport."

I don't know where he got the idea from, but I mean to try it myself next year, and I pass the notion on.

It is inexpensive, and a fine physical exercise.

AN EFFECTIVE PICTURE FRAME.

A pleasant hour or so can be spent in making a cork picture frame.

The ground work can be a plain deal one, and the cork glued on in small rough pieces and afterwards polished.

But a rather novel effect can be produced by mixing the cork with walnut shells and then applying a dark varnish.

A pretty souvenir of a seaside holiday is a shell frame. If done in an artistic manner it is an ornament no one need be ashamed of.

This frame makes a capital setting for such specimens of seaweed, starfish, and other curios of the sea which may have been collected in the course of daily wanderings along the shore.

Or a photograph with a broad mount may be set in the frame, and dried seaweed of the coloured variety may be pressed between the mount and the glass.

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR MECHANIC.

A man with a turn for mechanics might do worse than take up what is known as smith's work. A forge can either be a rough home-made affair, or, if funds permit, the ready-made up-to-date article can be easily purchased, either new or second-hand, from firms who make a speciality of those appliances.

Of course, an outhouse is necessary for this sort of work to be carried on successfully, a disused stable answering admirably. Or an ideal amateur's smithy could be erected in the open air as funds may dictate.

Failing this, an amateur, if at all handy, can generally contrive some sort of a forge which will do all the welding of metal he will require.

As a makeshift, heavy weights can take the place of an anvil, though, of course, the makeshift at best is but a makeshift—the amateur smith will therefore do well, if he can afford it, to purchase a second-hand anvil.

A fitter's hammer is indispensable; this is for heavy work, and can also be used for purposes of general utility. Two sizes are best. Pincers and tongs are also part of the outfit. Anything that is iron will do for a shovel and for a poker—that is if you are going to use coal or coke to beat your forge. But it is quite possible to use gas.

Chisels are absolutely needful, and with these appliances an amateur can do many things—from making horseshoes for his own and his friends' nags to mending the iron bedstead which otherwise would have to be cast aside as useless.

And the ambitious inventor can make his own models in the secrecy of his own smithy.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Trooper Kernahan's Way.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

On Trooper Kernahan's dressing-table lay a pair of white kid gloves. His patent boots, despite the bad luck superstition, were on the table also. Over a chair hung his dress tunic, and the chains, ornaments, and crests thereon shone with exceeding brightness, and were like unto silver and gold.

The blind was down on the dusk of the October afternoon, and the gaslight showed an apartment that expressed clearly its occupier's connection with the Territorial Army.

The pegs were mostly occupied by a bandolier, a belt with the sword equipment, a water-bottle on a strap, and the crested walking-out whip lay crossways. For the rest, a big blue cavalry overcoat occupied the back of the door, its red lining showing. A helmet and a forage cap graced a corner shelf. A glance beneath the mattress would have shown that Trooper Kernahan was not slow to utilise natural forces, for pressed between two sheets of newspaper lay his various blue and yellow striped nether garments.

It was the redoubtable Trooper himself, clad only in a snow-white shirt and a pair of dress overalls, who suddenly burst open the door of that apartment in considerable hurry, and, referring to an alarm clock which never by any possible chance gave an alarm, he commenced vigorously to complete his toilet.

Train starts at six! Gee! Only twenty-five minutes! he thought. And then an hour and a half's journey, by the slowest bally branch line in the Kingdom, to the fair town of Blackstaple. Now, who the devil's that?

He broke off abruptly.

From the lower regions of the house there came the unmistakable sound of a front door bell.

"Any one for me—tell 'em I'm abroad—in gaol—anything you like!" he called from the top of the stairs.

"Yes, sir."

Trooper Kernahan slammed the door again, and, eyeing himself with considerable satisfaction in the glass, he made three vain attempts to part his wayward locks satisfactorily.

He was, by dint of steadying his nerve, making a passable effort on the fourth occasion, when he heard the sound of altercations proceeding from the hall.

"I know he *is* in—so it's no use spinning fairy tales to *me*! Dressing? Ah, of course, *you* can't dig him out of his room, Mary Ann, but *I* can! I'll take *all* the blame. This is important, I can assure you."

"Gad! Stephen!" exclaimed Kernahan. "How the devil does he expect to get dressed in time for the train? Hullo! what the devil's up? Lordy, you look the complete don, Stevie!"

Trooper Stephen entered boisterously and without ceremony. He flung a portmanteau on to the floor, heavily. He stood in all the splendour of his dress uniform.

"You can jump out of those things, Kernahan," he said breathlessly. "*At* once. Don't argue. Jump out of 'em and I'll tell you all about it."

"Loyal Midshire Hussars postponed their ball?" asked Kernaham.

"No, you ass!"

"Well, the Colonel himself won't get me out of this attire unless he gives a reason, and a good one at that!"

"Brainless idiot!" said Stephen, with emphasis. He opened the portmanteau and extracted therefrom an officer's dress mess jacket with the yellow collar, a wonderful waistcoat of gilt cord edging and golden buttons, and, lastly, a pair of peerless overalls.

"Your coming out costume, darling," observed Trooper Stephen. "Thank heaven you're stock size."

"You could carve a turkey with that crease," said Kernahan, lost in complete admiration of the overalls, "but explain, my good man, explain!"

"Nothing simpler, you see, our new lieutenant keeps his mess jacket at *my* place, the 'Meteor,'" said his bosom friend. "Then—it's Brighton's idea, you know——"

"And Carteret's?"

"Yes, and——"

"And Hall's?"

"Yes, but——"

"And the rest of the Barcelonas? That's all right, old boy. *I'll* do the quick change. *You* talk. . . . Curse—you want a shoehorn to get these pants on!"

As Kernahan wrestled with the dressing process, Stephen held forth on the subject.

"Well, briefly, the idea is this. Old Brighton (bless his beery heart!) has got a pal in the Midshires—the Regimental Sergeant-Major. They were out in Egypt together, and all that sort of thing. Well, old Tim Trunch (that's the Midshire man's name) reckons that we—the Blankshire Yeomany—consider ourselves young noblemen—the aristocracy of the Territorial Force, you know. Brighton told him it was nothing of the sort."

"Brighton always *was* a good manufacturer of what our Winston calls terminological inexactitudes," Kernahan observed, as he buttoned the gorgeous waistcoat over his ample chest. "*I* believe we *do*."

"Anyhow," Stephen went on, "Old Tim Trunch, who was over in Brermouth the other evening, bet the Sergeant-Major a golden sovereign that not a single officer of our head-swollen lot would honour the Midshire's ball at Blackstaple with his presence. Old Brighton was on it like a bird! He reckoned that Captain Devine would go, because he's a chap who believes in treating all Terriers like brothers."

"Except his own lot." This from Kernahan, as he stood admiring the reflection of the yellow-bordered mess dress jacket which set so well upon him.

"Well, to cut a long story short, Devine weighs in this afternoon, with the information that he does not know a set of Lancers from a Barn dance. Moreover, he disapproves of this pandering to the women-folk, which is all these regimental dances are for, *he* says."

"Far-seeing man, Devine," said Kernahan. "But I can twig the rest of the story. Buck up! We've got ten minutes to catch that train!"

"Train? Train? What train? My good fool, when did an officer of the King's Own roll up to a ball in a beastly hired cab? Carteret's car will be here," — Stephen looked at his watch — "five minutes from now."

Kernahan took advantage of the breathing space to add the finishing touches to his appearance.

"Look here," he said, suddenly. "Don't you think this is a bit too thick?"

Stephen looked at him.

"Good Lord, man," he said, "don't draw out of it now! Think of the Sergeant-Major's quid! You are the bally exception that proves the rule. Lieutenant Kernahan, a new officer, makes himself popular by coming to the Midshire ball, supported by a dozen troopers of Squadron 'B.'"

"That sounds like *after* the ball if there are too many brandy and soda dances," Kernahan laughed. "But you be I twigged the idea as soon as I heard of the defection of Devine. (Downy bird the Sergeant-Major!) But why am *I* made the sacrifice? By Gad, that's suddenly struck me!"

"Why? *Why*? Well, I won't flatter you."

"I'm proof against flattery—and women," Kernahan observed sagely.

"Well, to put it plainly, Old Brighton looks on you as the biggest swanker in the squadron, to say nothing of the best actor and the most plausible l——"

"Ring off. Some sorts of flattery I'm *not* proof against, young man!"

"The same remark I daresay applies to some sorts of women, eh? The right sort, I mean. I say, old Kernahan, have you ever been in ——"

"No, I haven't, my dear old sentimentalist," Kernahan laughed, "and never likely to be. At least ——"

He paused, and for a moment he gazed abstractedly at the polished toe of his boot.

"Gad, boy," he said, quaveringly, "I've never let myself *think* of it. I've been worshipping at one shrine too long."

"Yes—Mars," said Stephen, "and, by the way, Mars was always particular pals with the goddess of ——"

"But there's Carteret!" said Kernahan, as from the outside there came the sound of the long-drawn wail of Carteret's horn.

Wherefore no further mention was made of the goddess who was "pals with Mars," but that night, as the car whizzed silently through the streets and out into the dark main road beyond Brermouth, a bright gem hung low in the black velvet sky.

"Venus," observed Carteret, who controlled the steering wheel, "is an evening star this month. Look, Kerny! D'you see that big star just under the moon?"

"I see," said the well-cloaked Kernahan, whose cigar of opulence glowed red intermittently.

"She may be ruling all of us to-night," said Stephen sententiously.

"God forbid," said Kernahan fervently.

"Hang it all," young Carteret laughed, "we can't *always* be playing at soldiers!"

II.

A fortnight had passed since the never-to-be-forgotten night of the Midshire's ball. Memories of its dreamy waltzes, its uproarious sets of Lancers, its rhythmic two-steps, lingered with the favoured guests from the headquarters of Squadron "B" of the King's Own.

The Midshires had, to use the Troopers' own words, "done 'em proud." The supper had been as free from reproach as the wine.

They had pledged the "Visitors" at that supper and it was "Lieutenant" Kernahan, slightly flushed and unsteady, who had risen from his place by the side of the daughter of the Midshire's Colonel—and made the very worst reply to a toast that was ever heard—even at a civic banquet!

Troopers Stephen and Carteret had listened amazed. Gad! Was the man losing his nerve? There was no life in his sentences.

It was Stephen who, snatching a moment when the "Lieutenant" was more or less by himself, had asked him in a hoarse whisper the meaning of it all.

Kernahan murmured vague formulas about "not feeling in form," and then departed to claim the Colonel's daughter for the "Eileen Alannah" waltz. A faultless orchestra played it appealingly, as it should be played, and the management had turned all but the myriad fairy lamps down. Thus is romance manufactured.

"The King's Own lieutenant is making all the running," the assembly said, with uplifted eyebrows.

Undoubtedly, the King's Own made a decided hit that night all round. Even the Sergeant-Major

attempted a barn dance with a depressed "wall-flower," and almost found himself dragged into a set of Lancers. Thus, to the last waltz, the ball had gone with a swing.

Kernahan, the last to get into Carteret's car, took occasion to inform his friends that this had been the night of his life. Then, for no apparent reason, he sunk into stony silence, smiling now and then to himself, but even at Stephen's earnest request refusing to "explain the joke."

"It's *no* joke," he said, simply.

It took Stephen just a fortnight to discover the truth of this sentence of Kernahan's.

There were days when Kernahan would disappear mysteriously into the void, nights when despite the faulty railway service he took a return ticket to Blackstaple. Then the squadron dismounted drills were neglected. The Yeomanry Room at the Club knew him not.

But it was a note, a simple "Come round at once old chap," that brought Stephen to Kernahan's digs one autumn evening.

"What! in the dark?" said Stephen, as he opened the door of Kernahan's room. "Dear me! Let's have a light on the subject."

Kernahan was sitting in an arm-chair, bathed in the firelight.

"No. This will do, Bob," he said, quietly. "Sit down and make yourself at home, old boy."

"But, my dear chap, drill's at eight. I can't stay long."

Stephen was already in his uniform.

"You've a good half-hour," said Kernahan.

His voice lacked something of its old gaiety.

Stephen settled himself in the armchair opposite his friend. The firelight flickered on his brightly-polished buttons, and cast his face into relief. There was a strained silence. Then Stephen spoke.

"Kerny," he said at length, "don't tell me that—that you——"

"Go on, boy."

"Oh, it *couldn't* be true! Fancy old Kernahan——"

"Yes, fancy old Kernahan! Funny, isn't it? Very humorous, I'm sure!"

Kernahan laughed, but there was no mirth in it.

"Here, have a pipe," said Stephen, mechanically reaching down Kernahan's favourite briar from the rack by the mantelshelf and filling it from his pouch.

"Don't you know that little saying," Stephen continued, handing the pipe to his old friend, "'God made Man. Then He made Woman. Then He felt so sorry for the man that He made tobacco.'"

Stephen leaned over to the fireside to light a spill. Kernahan without protest took the proffered light and puffed slowly.

"You've hit it, Stephen," said Kernahan slowly, "I've found something that I like better than——"

"Than the Regiment?"

Stephen's voice was eloquent of alarm.

"Than the Regiment," Kernahan assented, looking hard into the fire.

There was silence for a space while the two smoked philosophically.

"I say, Bob."

"Yes, old man."

"Er—now look here, you'll think I'm a fool——"

"Probably I shall. Chuck it, man! Give it up! What'll happen to 'B' Squadron if you go on like this? Oh, these dances! What Devine says——"

"Never mind Devine now. Remember the night of the ball, and the Star we saw under the moon?"

"Kernahan, sentiment doesn't suit you, boy. We're not used to dreams from you."

"Dreams? I wish it had only been a dream, and not true—not true! By gad, I do, Stephen!"

There was unmistakable bitterness in Kernahan's tone.

"Bob, boy—old pal," he went on, "I played a fool's trick, and now I've got to pay for it. At first it was good sport—the night of the ball and all that: it was life, real life, to me to hear 'em whispering that the King's Own lieutenant was making all the running, and so on. It's my cursed love of taking a risk—playing a game that wants your wits continually about you."

"Stevie, you *know* me. I've revelled in that sort of thing in pure sport times without number—sometimes with you boys in the game, sometimes alone. And never have I set out on such a thing without protecting my flanks, as you might say, against surprise from all sides. But, Stevie, I left one element out of my calculations the other night. I thought that I was proof against—against ——"

He broke off miserably, and poked the fire into a blaze.

"But I see now," he went on, "that I was rating myself too highly. That which I thought the lightest thing in the world to level-headed men got me beat fair and square."

"In other words, Cupid cleared the hurdle in a hop," Stephen observed.

Kernahan smiled for a moment.

"Yes, that's just it," he said, "and for that little thing I'm—I'm——"

"You're what?"

"It may sound foolish, Stephen, but I'm *suffering*, and it's worse than a dozen spills out riding, worse than mucking a hedge and ditch. It's a sort of ache, but I shall have to get over it, boy."

Stephen laughed.

"Buck up, old chap," he said, lightly. "Surely a trooper whose got cheek enough to set his eyes on a colonel's daughter can rise superior to anything."

"I say, Bob"—Kernahan's voice was pained—"don't laugh! For God's sake don't laugh at me, boy. I'm not joking; by heaven, I'm not! Gad! I wish I'd—I'd never played the fool, and like a fool, got caught. Can't you see what I've done? Can't you see?"

Stephen, the laugh banished from his lips, said nothing.

He had never known Kernahan like this before, and he felt at a loss.

"Boy," he said, simply, "I'm sorry. You *know* that."

Something choked in his throat. He leaned over and gripped his friend's limp hand.

"I see," he said "I know."

Kernahan buried his face in his hands.

"By a trick, I made her—well—like me a little. It was all a stupid, senseless trick—until I learned that I meant it so much. An imposter from the first, although God knows, it was only fun, and the joy of playing a difficult part that led me to—to—say things in the conservatory; but it didn't stop there, Stevie, I found that I *couldn't* tell her that night after the last waltz, that I was playing a game. Oh, don't look at me like that, boy!"

Stephen rose softly.

"I'll go," he said.

"No don't. Not for a minute . . . play something . . . do anything you like . . . but stay. I *must* tell you all now."

Stephen, in the darkness, with the soft pedal down, drew the clinging notes of Salut d'Amour from the piano, and Kernahan sat silent, gazing into the red embers.

"You see," he went on, "it wasn't until I knew that I—er—liked her so much that I could steel myself to telling the truth. Then I had to write, write it when——"

Trooper Stephen nodded and went on *pianissimo*.

"Well, anyhow," Kernahan droned on, miserably, "I got her reply. Stevie, she said——"

"Yes, I know—that she'd always——"

"Oh no. She called me cruel and hard because I was going to—oh, it sounds like a Drury Lane drama—going to sacrifice myself for her. Now—" Kernahan broke off abruptly—"Where are the matches, Stephen? See, here's your light on the subject, boy! It's a short note this, so eloquent of woman's unreasoning waywardness. Stephen!"

Kernahan gripped his hands.

"Read it, boy—its short enough, God knows. She hates me—hates me—not because I deceived her, but because I've got what she calls the 'heart to give her up'—because, really, that I'm trying to correct my fault and face it like a man!"

"Poor old sport," said Stephen.

He looked at the clock, and at Kernahan's civilian attire.

"You can get into uniform in ten minutes," he said quietly.

Kernahan drew his lips into a firm line.

"Yes—perhaps that's best," he said. "Uniform in ten minutes be it—but, gad! a man falls in love in less time than it takes to fix a puttee!"

A MAN'S VOICE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A PLEASING TONGUE.

There is no more precious gift that Nature can give a man than a good voice.

Do not misunderstand me; a good voice is not merely one which is capable of discoursing sweet music—in fact the singer is very often not blessed with a good speaking voice, which is an attribute that a man may possess without having an atom of music in his soul.

I have heard it said of a man that his was the sort of voice one liked to have about the house, and to be able actually to give pleasure by the mere act of speaking instead of grating on the nerves of your hearers, is surely a great gift.

There are some voices that one can enjoy listening to for hours, irrespective of what is being said, at any rate until familiarity has taken the gilt off the gingerbread. There are others that bore or actually jar the nerves in a few minutes.

A good voice is a far more valuable asset than a handsome face. It goes deeper than the surface, and it generally comes from a good heart. (That may sound anatomically a little incorrect, but you know what I mean.)

One is just as likely—if not more so—to get tired of a handsome face as of a moderately ugly one, but it is not the same with a good voice. Therefore it is the man with the good voice whose friendships last and whose marriage is a happy one.

It may seem a trivial thing to have such an importance, yet in married life if husband or wife is possessed of a voice that annoys in the mere act of speaking, things cannot run quite smoothly, though the real cause of the trouble may be hidden from both parties.

And as in social life, so in business a good voice is half the battle. It may get you a situation; it may keep you there—or at least it will not be the cause of your leaving, for less things than an unpleasant voice have led to "the sack"; it may be the means of clinching a deal for you; always it will help to give a favourable impression to those whom you meet, for it is especially with comparative strangers that a good voice has most effect.

What are the characteristics of a good voice? They cannot be put into words any more than one can describe those of a handsome face.

It is just a matter of tone. And, above all, a man's voice, to be pleasant, must be manly—not harsh or churlish, but not weak or effeminate, and especially, not ingratiating.

The man who speaks in soapy, mild tones, which are obviously intended to win your favour, fails to instil anything but contempt of himself into your mind.

The touchstone by which you may tell the possessor of a good voice is often the fact that children like him. It may be that weakness is attracted to strength, or that the childish mind is more dependent on the senses for its estimate of character until experience has come to aid it.

There is a latent strength about the good manly voice, the voice that wins the friendship of children and women alike. It remains latent, and perhaps it is this that is attractive. Aggressive strength inspires fear rather than liking.

But the good voice must be natural. There is no means by which affectation can be so easily shown as by the tone of voice, and after a time the affectation becomes permanent and almost unconscious. And it is not only children who dislike the man with an affected voice, but men and women too.

J. GERVAISE.

BOOK-BINDING AS A HOBBY

AN INTERESTING AND USEFUL OCCUPATION.

There is no more interesting hobby for the amateur than book-binding. It is uncommon, [illegible] and of undoubted [illegible].

It may be urged that the hobby is an expensive one, but this is a mistake. The tools and appliances necessary may be [illegible] with quite a moderate [illegible] and many of them may be [illegible] secondhand.

[illegible] for binding purposes [illegible] "cut to suit the pocket," [illegible] words it is not by any [illegible] necessary to buy ex[illegible] tides. You don't want [illegible] workshop; your own [illegible] kitchen will do, provided it is a light airy room. [illegible] better, however, to have it on the ground [illegible] flimsy-built walls and ceilings won't stand [illegible] knocking about, as one knows to one's cost. [illegible] all wooden press is the first essential.

[illegible] a beating stone and a good heavy hammer. [illegible] of these tools are costly, and they are [illegible] easy to procure.

[illegible] stone ought to be a slab of Portland, but [illegible] smooth-surfaced stone will serve the purpose.

The tools used in book-binding are usually [illegible] into two categories technically called "forwarding" and "finishing."

FORWARDING TOOLS.

For the former you must have a pair of large [illegible]ssors, two sticks for folding—or a couple of [illegible]per knives will do equally well—a small saw, a [illegible] and one for holding paste, and the [illegible]y brushes for same.

[illegible] square and a bookbinder's rule [illegible]rable.

[illegible] also be needful to buy a shoemaker's [illegible] to enable you to cut leather, and some [illegible]der's needles.

[illegible]g really comprises all the work, and [illegible]" as the word implies, is just gilding [illegible].

[illegible]nt for "finishing" depends largely on [illegible]her the amateur intends to go in for ex[illegible]ive or even costly bindings or not.

Among the tools which in either case he must [illegible]ave, is first a small gas stove, the ordinary gas [illegible]eryday use will do nicely. This is for [illegible]e tools. The next thing is a small [illegible]press, which can be placed on a good [illegible]le, which is one of the most necessary [illegible] to any workshop. Line fillets—that is [illegible] for leaving impressions of gilded lines on [illegible] or back of book—will be necessary if the [illegible]teur intends to do his work artistically, and [illegible] a set of alphabetical letters.

THE NECESSARY MATERIALS.

[illegible] two large small sponges, a knife for laying [illegible], and a few other odds and ends which [illegible]occur to the novice as he goes along or as his [illegible]erience and ambition grow, complete the [illegible].

[illegible]kins vary with the market, Persian being the [illegible]. Morocco is expensive and difficult to [illegible] the amateur. It can be imitated, however, [illegible]ving red sealing wax in spirits of wine, painting rough coarse-grained paper over [illegible] the solution. This is very effective as a [illegible]ing.

[illegible]th can be bought by the piece or by the yard, [illegible] to need or desire, and can be had in a [illegible]ety of colours.

[illegible] will also be needed stout brown paper [illegible]re, of course, glue and paste.

[illegible]d leaf is sold in books of so many pages. I [illegible]mber as a child buying this in little penny books and beginning a little amateur work of my own, but beyond gilding my fingers, I fancy the attempts generally ended in failure.

Now having got your rig out, the next thing is to set to work.

In folding it is best, if at all possible, to get a friendly printer to show you the right way, as it is not easy to describe on paper. Folio size consists of two pages only, and is the easiest to manipulate, for it merely requires folding up the back so that the pages follow each other accurately—this is done by means of the folding stick or bone paper knife.

There are, of course, other sizes, and these require extra folds.

After folding comes beating, and here the beating hammer comes into play. This is by no means an easy operation, as unless properly handled the paper is likely to be injured.

GOOD EXERCISE FOR THE WRISTS.

Here again a few practical lessons are worth no end of precepts, and, by the way, a man with weak or stiff wrists is at a discount.

After beating put into the press. Leave in the press for several hours, and now the leaves are ready to be sewn.

The old-fashioned "whitey-brown" thread, beloved of our great grandmothers, is used for sewing, and the needles I have already mentioned as part of your outfit.

As the next thing to be done is the backing, it is as well to remember that too much thread is awkward to manage. Experience will teach the novice how much thread to use to get a nice round back.

Now you have got to the "glueing" stage, and care must be taken to do this neatly. While the glue dries cut your boards. The thickness depends on your individual taste and the particular style of binding.

The rounding of the back is a somewhat tedious operation, and not at all easy for the novice, and here again the services of a professional are of great value. Or there is, I believe, a backing machine, which can be bought and used instead.

COVERING AND FINISHING.

After fixing the boards there are a lot of things which the professional binder is obliged to do, but which the amateur at first need not attempt, such as bevelling the boards and gilding and colouring, besides cutting the edges.

Now to cover the book, the easiest method is the plain cloth binding. The cover must be cut a little larger than the size of the book to permit turning in.

The cloth is then carefully glued all over, and the book laid upon it. It is somewhat similar to the familiar process common in economical households of covering books with brown paper.

The "forwarding" is for all practical purposes at an end, and nothing remains but to ornament the cover, or, in technical terms, to "finish" it.

It may be as ornamental as the amateur chooses, or as his time and his funds allow.

Lettering is comparatively easy if you don't use separate letters, though this is the method employed by high class firms, and looks the best.

F. B. Hollamby.

RAISING THE WIND.

There come times when a man wants to raise the wind in one way or another.

The quickest and simplest way is to sell something which he possesses but no longer needs—the apparatus of a sport that he has ceased to follow, clothes he has ceased to wear, and so forth.

The way to find a ready and profitable market for all such things is to advertise them in our Readers' Sale and Exchange. Your advertisement need not cost more than a shilling.

HORROCKS AMONG THE STUBBLE.

A SHAM SPORTSMAN AND HIS DELUSIONS.

Horrocks only exists when he has a gun in his hand. His year dates from September the First; the rest of the year he makes other people's existence a burden to them.

I don't like Horrocks. It may be prejudice on my part, but I don't.

He's land agent to Lord Somebody or other, and he gives himself airs on that account.

But in my opinion they don't accord with certain little mean shabby tricks he plays in the course of his business.

He is a very ordinary man until the stubble is all that is left in the fields. Then he blossoms out into a sportsman.

He's all right anyway as regards his get-up. He'd do for a tailor's advertisement for the autumn season—to put in the window among the heather mixtures.

Mr. Horrocks is one of those men to whom knickers are unkind. They don't suit him. You see Horrocks is not rather but very dicky about the legs, and though I'm willing to admit that his tailor works wonders with his anatomy in all other respects, Horrocks's legs are still dicky.

What's that? Can't help his legs? Well, no, perhaps not, but he can and ought to help making himself a scarecrow as soon as ever the little brown bird makes his appearance.

Until the season is over, Horrocks never wears anything else but shooting garb—[illegible], not even at a human funeral.

Horrocks is an awful boaster, too. I question whether any other sportsman has such a uniformly big bag as the one Horrocks says he gets.

He never gives me a brace—I know that, and I never come across anyone to whom he has, either.

What on earth he does with the birds I can't think. Perhaps he lives on them and saves butcher's bills.

Or maybe Leadenhall Market is his depot for surplus numbers. But the stationmaster never remembers any crates of birds being sent by Horrocks up to town—except on one solitary occasion.

Horrocks's mother-in-law, when she went back home after a short visit, took with her a small basket containing some rocks for a pie. Horrocks said he shot them by mistake.

He evidently did, for the old lady on arrival found they were not rooks, but crows!! Perhaps really it was the latest mother-in-law joke.

I dined with Horrocks once by very special invitation. He was not given to hospitality. The old-fashioned virtues have not come down to Horrocks.

There was a subdued air of expectation at table, I noticed. One of the children had been allowed to sit up in my honour, and Mrs. Horrocks seemed to have no end of a trouble in stopping the youngster's remarks.

I supposed it was some anniversary and that there was a pin or a thimble or a farthing in the pudding. Anyhow it seemed as if something unusual was about to happen.

It did.

After a couple of badly-cooked chops and a superfluous apology from my hostess, a big dish made its appearance, and in the middle, a nondescript coloured oasis in a desert of white platter, was—mind you, I only knew it by the tail—a small, very small, pheasant!!

"Fell to my gun," said Horrocks proudly.

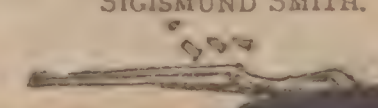
Judging by the way it fell to pieces it is a wonder he was able to collect the fragments after his great achievement.

I congratulated him.

After dinner I sipped weak—very weak—brandy and water. The soda water he said was out. Certainly the brandy was not in, to any great extent. And I listened to Horrocks's stories of big shoots.

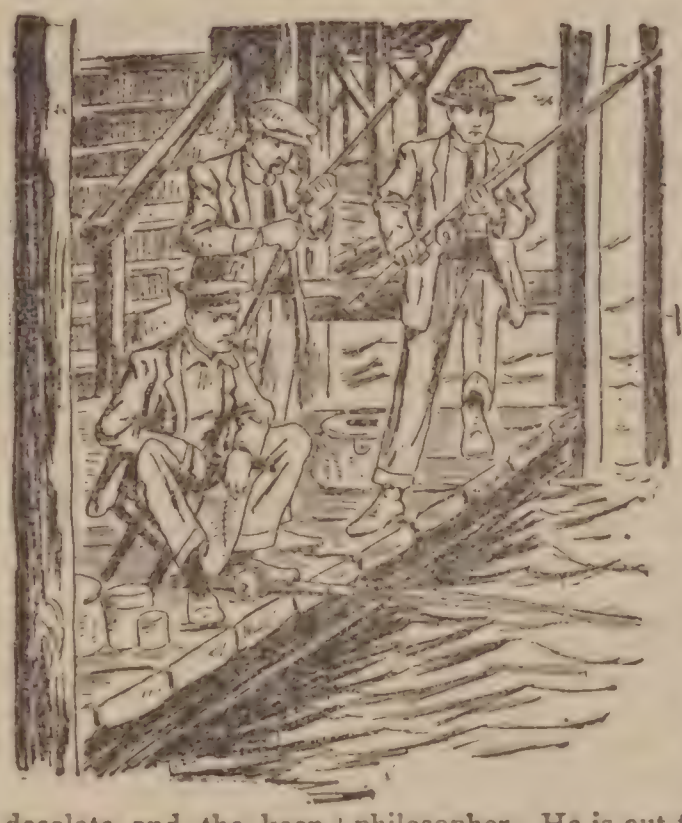
But that was all I ever saw of his big bags.

Sigismund Smith.



WHERE MEN FORECATHER

XXXII.
THE FISHING PLATFORM.



The last holiday maker has disappeared, the cold chill of winter is beginning to permeate the salt air, and the sea, that in the summer time "sets an' smiles, so soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue," has turned to an oily, forbidding slate grey, while the piers around our coasts assume an air that is quite out of keeping with their summer garb.

At the flag-staff no bunting flutters. Only the halyard ropes flick mournfully against the pole in the breeze. The pavilion façade is bare of decoration. It is all very desolate, and the keen easterly wind sweeps the upper deck which, but a few warm weeks since, resounded to the rhythm of merry feet engaged in uproarious sets of Lancers.

DESERTED.

Somewhere in the void, where the hazy wet mist hangs over the waters, a foghorn bleats, or a syren wails weirdly.

At the pier gates the bill announcing "The last confetti battle of the season," is in wet ribbons, and by its side is a printed board, inscribed in white letters on black, "Fishing tickets." It is the sea angler's innings now.

Beneath the deserted upper deck and down the tarred stairway, which on dark evenings had been responsible for so many holiday engagements, is the fishing platform, but now it is acting, not up to its summer reputation, but strictly in accordance with its name. Where impatient lovers kissed and clung, there patient anglers sit and smoke.

I never see an old angler without admiring his illimitable patience. He is a living embodiment of philosophy, and he will cheerfully wait hours for the literal "turn of the tide," and the possibility of the festive codling or whiting beginning to nibble.

THE FISHERMAN'S KIT.

It is the fashion of mankind to dress in garb befitting his sport. The footballer is conscious of his athletic appearance in his club colours, shorts, and stockings; the cricketer feels a hero in flannels—but of all the incongruous sights in sporting attire there is not one to beat a sea angler really prepared for "weather." A motorist is a thing of beauty in comparison.

The younger men who follow the sport are wont to attire themselves in more or less fashionable *negligé*—Norfolk jackets, flannel bags, and all the rest of it, but the older hands dress to-day as they dressed twenty long years ago.

A bowler, battered and almost green, may be affected, a cap that lacks a peak, or a Norwegian fur head covering. Overcoats and caped mackintoshes, which were "in fashion" in the '80's, are much in favour for sea-angling all round our coasts.

That is why you may always be sure that a sea angler is a real enthusiast for the sport. He cannot, by any possible stretch of the imagination, be fishing merely for the pride of wearing the rig out.

It may be that circumstance does not allow of his fishing during the day. Then night, a lantern, and a bottle of the stuff that cheers and keeps out the cold, is all he requires to make his joy in living complete—merely these, and if he is a young man, a few good friends to fish also on either side of him.

Thus, when the codling and whiting are off their feed, the little company, huddled into their greatcoats and mufflers, sit under the lea of the fishing platform's boarded sides, and with their pipes reeking in amity, they spin yarns—some such as would tinge this paper pink—until dawn breaks, and the cold grey of morning has put out the revolving night-lamps of the seaward lightships.

"Come on," says one whose eyes are beginning to blink in spite of the light, "let's go home, boys."

"Oh! all ri'" they say, yawning. "Yes, let's go home!"

Above all things, your good sea angler is a philosopher. He is out for a day's fishing. Therefore the sun may blaze fitfully on the fishing platform, the cutting east wind may render it draughty, to say the very least of it, the driving rain may beat upon the boards and drip from the railings into the greenish swell below. It matters not. He smokes always the disreputable pipe, which is fitted with a wind protector on the bowl, and he troubles about nothing in the wide world but his beloved rod and line.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

He has his red-letter days, of course, when it may possibly be that there is some semblance of excitement in his heart, when the zest of competition enters into the sport, and he is one of the entrants at a "sea angling festival."

At intervals of a few feet they stand, and a more varied assortment of men it is impossible to imagine. Their ages range from extreme youth to the qualifying years for the Old Age Pension.

You can hear little but the musical jingle of the tiny bells at the end of the rods—or the long drawn "whistle" when the cast out is made, followed by the spray-flinging "plop" as the lead hits the water.

Then all is silence and smoke until the little bell gives a warning tinkle. The angler feels the line cautiously and, waiting until the psychological moment, which only experience can judge with precision, he strikes.

FEELING HIS WAY.

Then comes the cautious finger on the line. It still throbs and pulsates. A smile plays round the angler's drawn lips, for this jerk on the line possesses for him all the sweetness of the shout that thrills the man who has swung the ball into goal, or the yell that cheers the jockey home.

Now to strike again. Got him!

"Hullo!" remark the stolid persons on either side of him. "Old So-and-So's got something now!"

The fish is landed safely, and lies gasping on the platform. One merciful thump and he is added to the catch in the wicker basket. The momentary excitement is over. All is stolid peace again until the bell jingles once more and someone remarks that "old So-and-So has got the luck of the very devil, to-day."

Luck seems to run in streaks at angling competitions as in all walks of life. One man lands all the big fish, the others drop even the "sprats" just as they come to the surface. But the angler who terms himself unlucky may merely be unskilful, a bungler, or careless.

Our epigrammatists here compared life to many things. It is not unlike a sea angling competition when you come to think of it.

PETER GILCHRIST.

SIMPLE CONJURING TRICKS.

A MEANS OF ENTERTAINMENT IN WHICH ANYONE MAY BECOME EXPERT.

The man who has a few conjuring tricks literally at his finger ends is always a desirable acquisition at a smoking concert or places where men meet for recreation.

Though many tricks are as old as the hills, they never seem to pall. There is always someone present to whom they are absolutely new and original, and the smartest of us are willing to [illegible] the pleasure we feel in being "taken in" by really clever and apparently difficult feats.

A really smart conjurer is born, not made. Quick brain, light fingers, perfect control of mind and muscle, self-possession, and a never-failing wit or resourcefulness are invaluable assets to the modern magician. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

A thorough knowledge of the way to [illegible] certain tricks is as important to the amateur as is simply amusing a party of personal friends as if he were on a public platform showing off to a critical and, perhaps, already satiated audience.

Perhaps it may be as well to suggest here that if you happen to be a spectator, and wise man you know, it is both ungenerous and indiscreet to explain the workings of any particular trick to your next neighbour.

The first thing the would-be conjurer must learn is, of course, palming—that is, how to conceal small objects in the hand.

This is easily learnt if there is any aptitude shown at all. It is best to practise with a coin, a florin for choice.

The coin should be laid on the palm, and the hand contracted until the coin is felt or [illegible] by the thick fleshy part of the hand.

A little hard practice will soon show the amateur how this can be done with ease and dexterity.

The next move is to balance the coin on the finger-tips with the aid of the thumb. By slightly moving the latter and bending the fingers the coin will naturally slip along the side of the thumb into the palm.

When you can hold the coin and palm it successfully, it is as well to practise with larger objects—a watch is a favourite article with conjurers, so is a lemon or a small orange.

Here is an effective coin trick. You first of all ask someone in the audience for a two-shilling piece. Take it with your right hand, and then ask someone else to take it back again.

You take hold of his hand with your left openly place the florin on his palm. But leave it there: it is only a pretence. Your hand and again pretend. In your right are already holding a penny. You raising of your arm for the third time, the florin down your collar. Then descending quickly, places the secreted the other's hand, which you close, and opens it he finds a penny instead of piece.

The cut apple trick is another You want for this performance an apple, and some thread. You thread your hold of the apple, and pass the side of the apple and bring it out opposite the stalk. Then lay it on the

Take up both the apple and the hold them so that they appear to separate.

You observe that you are about thread through the apple. It appears do—but really you only put in the point where it came out, passing to the side.

Pull the thread backwards and forwards, cut the apple in half at right angles to the

Hand the parts round, but keep them at the bottom. Then show the cord to be and pass it round for your friends to examine.

There are, of course, divers other and interesting tricks which will occur to the novice as he grows more expert.

G. F. RAYNER.

WHY?

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

Townsmen though we, the writers and readers of this paper, are, and lovers of the healthy, vigorous life which so clarifies a man's outlook on the world and imbues him with sanity, there are always times when the mind finds itself enmeshed in the mysteries of existence.

We are tormented with wonder at the purpose of things: the reason why we were born, where we are going, to what end everything is working, what we are intended to do with our personality, whether, indeed, we own a personality or are but particles of a great whole, a vast complete personality (which is the Pantheistic idea); whether we are worth while.

Once started, a thousand queries flood the brain.

It has been so throughout the ages of man. Everywhere he strives to ascertain the meaning.

The eternal Why has inspired poets, prophets, philosophers. All of us pound with our tiny fists upon the huge sealed door of knowledge—and make no impression.

Some voice the pangs of starved ignorance tragically. Listen to this.

Into this Universe, and Why, not Knowing,
Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

I need not tell you these words are in Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam." The Persian philosopher strove mightily to unravel the master-knot of life and fate, and he did, in the end, what we lesser minds are forced to do: he accepted the impossible, and set about evolving a philosophy which would silence the query.

He became a hedonist, a quaffer of the wine of life while yet life was his.

Fatalism is a splendid solace—when the temperament is adaptable to it. It comes easily to those concerns who are by nature fatalistic.

But we cannot still the clamour of the eternal Why readily.

Strong men do not live for the day. They are forward, they stretch outwards to the future, and example, and courage, and pride, from

individuals as with races. We seek to accomplishment some ambition, but often use in our task, and wonder.

worth while?

accidental or purposeful? Is it chaotic

ned?

Why?

not pretend to be able to answer you. Every make his fight with these invisible Every man must make his compromise come what is termed philosophical, or be ctually unhappy.

unrest is perhaps a better word—is a thing should be so anxious to escape from. A state comfort means a state of sloth. Philosophy is othing thing, but it does not make for con- st. Of philosophy is born indifference, and ifference is a damnable thing.

As a nation the British are neither philosophic nor comfortable. Their instinct for colonisation is their unrest; their love of conquest has ought them right to the forefront of power. The final Why has quickened them to strenuous action. But though the great query cannot be ignored, I believe the dodging of it is likely to retard development. It does not require much imagination to assume that if we were gifted with perfect knowledge we should lose much of the fascination of life.

There is a thrill in uncertainty, in never knowing what the next hour will bring forth, in embarking upon a voyage replete with hidden danger.

And again, how often, after having won through an army of obstacles, does one look back and be astonished at one's capabilities?

I myself have begun and finished things which, had the difficulties been realised by me beforehand, would certainly have scared me from the attempt. So have you.

The withholding of the answer to the eternal Why gives us a chance to display our mettle.

Of course, we manufacture for ourselves now and then certain answers to the problem, and try to be satisfied with them, but the conviction of yesterday has turned into doubt to-day. Our mental vision is constantly changing its outlook. One fact to be noticed from this is that there are always plenty of new vistas to gaze at. Truth has an immensity that we can never hope to scan.

I have an idea that every answer to the mystery of himself that a man may arrive at is true—only it is not all the truth.

Unfortunately, a consideration of such a matter as this must necessarily include comparisons of religions, which all of them are attempts to solve the eternal Why. And when comparisons of religion are made there is such battle over side issues that the main purpose is forgotten.

Creed and dogma are unavoidably controversial, and it would be unfair to set forth my ideas on them here, there being no opportunity for you to make reply.

Moreover, I, as well as you, shy at preaching like a bull at a red flag.

That religion uprears a standard of conduct we all know, but we men object to having a whip held over our heads while we are told what we should do or what we should not do.

And there is much virtue in the objection.

There is only one Schoolmaster to our souls, and from Him we learn, and to Him we go for our castigation.

Also, when alone and in the silence, conscious of an essence in our personality which gives us the right, it is to that Schoolmaster we appeal for the little knowledge that shall serve to equip us for the tasks before us—and the man who stands between is guilty of insolence.

To one of your Whys only will I venture to suggest an answer.

Whenever you wonder whether you are worth while, you have every justification for deciding Yes. For I believe the instinct which makes you ask proves it.

And we shall know the meaning of things right enough at some timeless time, and assuredly wonder that we ever lost heart.

Which will be another Why.

A. G. Storm.

Scientists say there are 263 bones in the human frame. A reader who has just returned from his first day's hunting says that's only a tithe of them.

* * *

"Old Dudsley dresses better than he used to."

"Yes. His sons are big enough now for him to wear their cast-off clothes."

* * *

Registrar: "I suppose the young lady's a spinster?"

Bridegroom: No, sir. She's a ragpicker."

AUTUMN WEEK-ENDS.

SOME SPORTING OPPORTUNITIES FOR TOWNSMEN.

There is no better time of the year for the week-ender than autumn.

The man I have in mind is not the sort who can turn up anywhere at any time and moon away the hours in mere slackness. I write for the man who goes away to find sport; who wants a change of surroundings, a breath of new air, probably a good deal of heavy exercise.

Such a man, if he is wise, will avoid the seaside during the autumn. It is all very well at summer's height, but even then it offers comparatively few easily gotten sports except at high prices.

Moreover, the seaside in the autumn is by no means a tonic—the seaside resort, that is. It has too much of the appearance of a field after the fair has moved on; or of a house that the old tenants have left, with all its ragged edges showing and all its paint scratched and its blinds awry. It is depressing to the utmost degree.

There is only one sort of seaside place that is worth going to in autumn, and that is the wild rockbound coast where a man can feel and see and fight the gales and get drenched by the flying spray that drives ashore on the wind, when the waters dash themselves against the cliffs with a swirl and a roar.

But here a man is cut off as a rule from activity, and in autumn a man wants to get into training and into good serviceable condition for all the winter's sports. And contemplating the storm on the coast does not exercise the limbs. It is rather for the contemplative sport-lover than for the sportsman.

No, the best place for the autumn week-end is in the depths of the country.

If a man has friends who are connected in any capacity with the land, and particularly with those who have to do with great estates, he is lucky indeed.

The head keeper is the man to know and cultivate, for it lies in his power to put you, quite legitimately, in the way of a great deal of sport. When the shooting parties have gone, and the covers have been shot through and through, there is still much to be done in the shooting line that only a keeper and his men can do.

There is an excess of rabbits in various parts of the estate, and these must be thinned out. Or there are too many of the predatory birds or little animals about the place after the summer breeding season, and these must be kept down. There is, in short, work which, to a townsman with a taste for country life, is a very great pleasure, while it comes as a welcome help to the keepers.

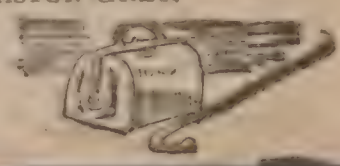
Then there is another direction in which the week-end townsman may find great pleasure. Until hunting is in full swing, when every horse is doing three hard days' work a week, there are numerous mounts that must have exercise. The horse lover, who can never keep his hands off an animal, and who takes or makes an opportunity for gratifying his love of riding, has, as a rule, no difficulty in the country at this time of year in getting all he wants in this direction.

Moreover, farmers are still busy in the fields, and have no chance of indulging in the occasional ride to hounds as yet. Nor can they often spare the day to drive the trap to the market town and spend the day in that ideal combination of business and pleasure.

Here is the week-ender's chance. If he can drive, ride, and shoot he will never lack occupation of a congenial description, and he can obtain most of these things at much less than the fancy summer prices that are too often prohibitive.

Autumn is the time for the cycling week-end also. The roads are still in good condition and free from the summer dust. The inns and hotels are not so full, and the fancy prices of the holiday season are no longer in force. The traveller will always find a welcome in the country in the autumn, and that, as often as not, for the sake of his company as much as for anything that can be made out of him.

C. Easton Grey.



God's Almighty Sea.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By W. ARROWSMITH.

I hadn't met Carroll for seven years until I banged into him coming out of the tube.

He was the same old "devil-may-care" as ever. The funny little cast in his left eye, and the queer stumpy walk, were still the same outstanding features with him. They had made him a great success when we bunged him on the stage at the apprentices' dinner. His appearance, though, was a little bit too prosperous for a sea-going man, and he did not savour of the sea, somehow.

He took me unawares as I stood by the book-stall, and I thought my shoulder blades would be sticking through my chest when I recovered.

"Pops, old buck! Well, damme! When d'ye dock?"

When I recovered from his greeting I said:

"Oh, it's you, is it? You clown! Daft as ever. Eh? Well, never mind, old shoot, let's go and have some lunch."

We went across the way and into Frascati's, and there he took command, and ordered a lunch that made the waiter "Sir" him in servile fashion. When my lord with the chain round his neck had brought us liqueurs and cigars, and the blue smoke was curling up, we had talked ourselves into our old palship again.

"You've got your master's ticket? Eh, old boy?"

"Have I the deuce's like?" he answered, "an' I don't intend to, thank you muchly," he winked his funny eye, and knocked the ash off his cigar. I scented a story, for I knew the man he was, and all is fish that comes to the writer's net.

"Well, let's have the yarn, old boy. You can't tell it now as you could in the long ago, with us all sitting round the big coke fire, but go on. Do your best. What's it all about?"

"I'll tell you with all the pleasure in the world. It gave me my worst knockout, an' at the same time it made me, so I can't growl. Well, here goes. When I was toed out of the works, the old man played little Harry, as you may guess, an' when things had got to such a pass that I was nearly being slung out at home, an' old Bill refused to have me back at the yard, I made up my mind, and shipped as greaser on the old 'Mosopo'; 275 feet long; built in the year one; speed, one knot per —— week.

"Well, the old ship's company were, like herself, putrid, so when we got out to the Coast, I jumped ship, an' got a job clerking, in a German Dutchman's stores. I managed to put the fear into the old devil with a three-quarter spanner, an' after that I'd a pretty fair time, for clerks are hard to get, I tell you, on the coast. The clerks they send out as a rule have lived somewhere round Notting Hill or Wood Green, I suppose, an' they haven't been fed rightly in their youth to take a coast job. Anyhow, one clerk two months is the usual last. The ships usually carry two or three wrought-iron coffins, fitted with a hinged lid and thumbscrews, to bring back their bodies in when the old people want it, an' will pay.

"When I'd been out ten months, the 'Orita' came in, and just when I was wishing for another job, her third snuffed it. I got his job; I saw my chance, an' I took it. I stuck her for two years, an' then chucked her, an' got my second's. After that, I knocked about, doing coal out of Cardiff, an' wood from Norway, but never a decent ship turned up, until they offered me a job as third on the 'Knight of the Garter,' and I jumped at it.

"The day we sailed I got a whisper from the chief that we were to have a passenger, an' we shook hands on it, for it was a godsend. The old Knight was a teetotal ship, 'an we prayed the passenger would bring a bottle or two of lush, an' ask us to share it with him.

"I was leanin' over the rail that night, when the passenger came aboard, an' Pops, tint me pink, if it wasn't a girl. I nearly fell overboard. When she passed me I dragged off my cap, an' blushed, Pops—yes, actually blushed like a school kid! She gave me a smile an' looked square at me, an' I went below, an' sat on the bottom bunk, wondering whether I'd got headache or heartburn.

"The second came in, an' I told him about the passenger, but he, bein' a married man, wanted to kid he'd forgotten the symptoms you get when you first meet the one girl, the d—d old Mormon. He asked me if I could see wobbly black spots, an' if my tongue was furred, 'cos if it was I was bilious, an' he advised me to try a good dose of salts.

"Well, that girl was absolute queen of the ship inside two days. It used to make me feel ill to see all the old married men rush up and down to get her things. One of 'em gave her his pillow for a hassock, an' slept on his rolled-up trousers.

"As for myself, I was that gone I'd have hinted at things I knew of some of the men that would have put 'em out altogether, only she was so dashed innocent she wouldn't have understood. So I was obliged to fall back on my own natural good looks and modesty. What are you grinning at, you gorilla-faced dog?

"To resume. When we'd been out a week, I thought things had proceeded far enough, so I made up my mind to ask her, especially as the chief was keeping me on all the dirty bilge jobs he could think of while he talked to her upstairs.

"So one night we gravitated to the middle island, under the lee of the bridge. The Skipper himself was on the bridge, but as he usually went to sleep in the chart house, an' there was only a lascar quartermaster at the wheel, I felt we could talk without interruption.

"She asked me all sorts of questions about the job, an' the life we led, an' seemed quite interested. I took the opportunity of pointing out the prospects, and mentioned particularly the screws paid on the crack boats, and brought it before her strongly that a man had no ambition to succeed unless he'd something to succeed for—someone to take an interest in him like. She laughed gently, and said:

"'Oh, but Mr. Carroll, you shouldn't speak like that, you have someone to take an interest in you. How about the young lady in Mount Pleasant, that Mr. Roberts was telling me of?'

"I turned red, an' white, an' green, an' a kind of faintness came over me, for it seemed worse than sacrilege even to have thought of any other girl, while she was on the earth.

"I made up my mind to make such a mess of Roberts's face, that they'd feed him on gruel for a month or two afterwards.

"Before I could speak she said it was getting late, and it was time for her to turn in, an' she got up to go. I clutched her hand, an' begged her to sit down for a bit.

"She sat down, an' then my nerve went. The glimmer of the moon, an' the moon itself, an' the water, an' the smoke from the funnel, an' everything got all mixed up, so I took to crushing my big toe joints in my boots, an' trying to get the moon in between the upper-deck rails.

"'Mrs. Duncan. I—I really don't know what to say. I hoped you might have noticed something. Oh, damn it! Excuse me, please. I'm only a blunt, black-handed, sea-going engineer, but—but, Mrs. Duncan, I love you. You know that. I love you dearly. I can't expect you to love me as you loved your first . . . .'

"She broke in, 'Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Carroll, really I am. I didn't think. Listen, and I'll tell you. Let me explain. I don't know whether I'm a widow or not. When I was seventeen I met a man whom I fell in love with, and married against my parents' wishes.

"'For three years we were ideally happy. He was all that was good, and kind, and splendid, and I was perfectly happy, but things did not prosper with us. At last my husband sold out and settled the capital on me. It brought me in about £80 a year, and my husband took £50, and went out to the diamond fields. He wrote me regularly and sent me money, and was getting on extremely well. One day I got a letter saying that he was going up country prospecting, as he had heard tales of a fabulously wealthy mine, which had been stumbled on many years before, and then lost again. He had come across a man who had a plan, supposed to show the locality of the mine, and he believed there was something in it.

"'That was four years ago, and I have never heard from or of him since. I made every possible inquiry, but nobody could supply any information, and so I was inclined to believe he was dead, or he would have let me know. I am sure, in my own heart, he is alive. I know! I know! Oh dear God. My own husband.'

"I gave her time to recover, and then she spoke again: 'So now you see, Mr. Carroll, how impossible it is. Thank you very much for the honour you have done me. Good night.' The tears stood in both our eyes, an' I kissed her hand before she went to her berth, an' then I went back on deck to smoke. Suddenly I heard a shout.

"'Somethin' on the starbud bow, sir.'

"The skipper rushed out, picked up his glasses, and then sang out, 'By gad! It's a man, Romney. Clear away the cutter, and let's have him on board.' I went in the cutter, and we found a man in an empty ship's boat. He had fallen unconscious when he saw that we had seen him.

"We took him aboard, an' put him in a spare bunk, an' the skipper saw to him. He was looking over the side of this life when we hauled him, an' as soon as we got some nourishment in him he began to rave.

"'Ciss, Ciss, darling; Ciss.'

"Some poor girl gone down in the ship he was on, likely. He had a grand constitution, though, an' the Old Man said a week's good feeding would put him right. The night darkness was turning to grey when I left the sick man's berth, an' I got the shock of my life when I met Mrs. Duncan in her nightgown and slippers, with a wrap thrown over her shoulders and her hair streaming loose all round.

"'Oh, Mr. Carroll, I've heard my husband's voice. I'm sure I did.'

"'No, no,' I said, 'you're upset. It's only a poor derelict devil we've just picked up that's been afloat in an open boat, God knows how long. He'll soon be all right now. There, there. Run along and finish your sleep and I'll send you a cup of tea.'

"She repeated again 'I heard my husband's voice. Let me see him. Let me see him.' She rushed to the berth where we'd put the man, myself following close behind. Just as I got in, though, I heard a cry, 'Jack. My husband. My God. At last!' and when I looked her arms were round his neck, so I closed the door and left them.

* * *

"That's why I'm the confidential, right-hand man to John Ellis Duncan, Esq., diamond magnate and multi-millionaire, for he found the mine again, an' he turned up trumps. Let's go and drink, eh?" So we did.

DARKNESS AND DAWN

A STUDY.

Darkness—save where a ray of light filtered through the bedroom blind and impinged as a cold, white effulgence on the coverlet of the bed where the Boy slept.

The room disturbed only by heavy breathing, then a sudden inarticulate animal cry that broke the hush, a low moan, a few mumbled words, and silence again.

An arm outside the coverlet moved slightly; the hand clenched and opened again. The sleeper sighed heavily. Then the hush once more. The head on the pillow, the delicate profile sketched out against the white line of the moonlight fell across the bed. Perfectly still; the lips curved and parted in repose, with the clear-cut, firm chin just showing above the coverlet.

The Boy's dark eyelashes twitched slightly, almost imperceptibly, and fell again. . . . The sleeper was stirring. . . .

The night breeze caressed the ivy outside ever so lightly. The leaves rustled, and the scents of the countryside were wafted from the hayfields below.

Then a gust of wind, and the blind cord hit the window pane smartly, with a crack that sounded startling in the tense silence. It startled the sleeper into consciousness.

"God!" he groaned thickly. "Oh, God, God; oh——"

He opened his eyes in the darkness and drew himself up in bed. Then he fell to talking in a low, half-stupefied tone.

"Dark—very dark. Moon still up. Can't be four o'clock yet. Three hours to spare, and I don't trust myself to sleep again, somehow. Remember. Oh, I suppose I'm a fool, a damned little fool. They'll say—oh, all sorts of things. But never mind—never——"

He was conscious that his eyes were heavy, that they were slipping again.

"You're all right, old boy. You're all right, but I *must* pull myself together. Wake up, I say! (Damn it, I mus'n't be a fool.) Wake up, wake up, I say! Ah, that's better!"

He threw his arms out and stretched himself. He yawned.

"Lord!" he said. "Now, no foolery. What's the time? Match on the dressing-table, I suppose."

He got out of bed, conscious that his very body ached, that his head burned, and that his legs were hot and unsteady.

For a moment he looked into the darkness and stretched out his arms as if to clasp.

"For you!" he whispered, hoarsely. "For you more than home, honour, and life itself. Ah!"

He dropped his arms wearily and groped for his dressing-gown, which he slipped on mechanically, and a pair of soft shoes.

Foolishly laughing at the vapoury, swimming feel that seemed to permeate his brain, he moved with uncertain step to the dressing-table. The noise breaking the stillness told him he had found the match-box.

The sulphur of the match, damped by the heat of his fingers, was a trouble to strike.

"Got it at last!"

The flame burned brightly and unsteadily. The Boy winced and for a moment closed his aching eyes. He lit the candles in the severe, early Victorian brass candlesticks on either side of the looking-glass. He gazed at himself in the mirror, and laid the matchbox down quietly.

He became lost in the study of his reflection. His brown hair was roughed and the pupils of his eyes were sparkling and dilated. His face was flushed, his usually rather pale complexion almost a vivid red. He was conscious, too, that his pulse was beating faster than it should. He could feel it throbbing in his head, his throat, his ears—a wild thump-thump-thump-thump, persistent and disquieting somehow.

For a space an amused smile hovered around his lips, that weak mouth of his that spoiled the firmness and the manly contour of his countenance. Then he closed his lips into a firm line, and gazed right into his own eyes until they became empty, dull, and expressionless.

It seemed that he would search out his soul in the very depths of himself, produce the thing, naked to see, and read all that it hid from his very brain.

"No use," he murmured. "No use. It's just *got* to be!"

He passed his hand wearily over his face and eyes. The spell was broken, and he was down to earth again. His glance fell on the drawer of his dressing-table.

Then came the reality of it all—why his eyes sparkled and his heart beat wildly—the reason for the shame, the struggle with his inmost soul. He opened the drawer and took therefrom a brief note. Then he sat down in a chair to read it.

"Boy, if your very soul tells you that you *must* come to me, then—weak fool that I am to let my heart rule my head—come!"

He read that sentence over countless times. Then he folded the note and laid it down upon the table again, with something of a sigh.

His glance fell on the drawer again, and he took out a bundle of parchment that crinkled. He caught the expression on his face in the glass.

Suddenly he dropped the notes from his nerveless fingers with a choking cry.

"You—you *thief!*" he almost sobbed. "Thief—miserable thief!"

It all came back to him then—the event that seemed only a minute ago, although quite five hours had passed since he had gone to his father's safe and—*stolen the money!* Yes, that was it! Stolen the money!

Those words, accusing and ugly, seemed to echo in his brain now, calling to him, ringing in his ears.

"Thief, thief! Stolen the money, so that——"

Oh, but it was unfair to implicate Her, for whom he was content to rush on headlong, blindly, perhaps foolishly—the soul that leapt into flame when eyes brilliant, soft, and beautiful answered the question in his own.

He picked up the notes from the floor, his fingers trembling. Then he sat motionless on the bedside, staring into nothingness, until the moonlight paled outside and the cold chill of coming day seemed to steal over him.

Something roused him from his reverie, the candle light was fainter, the window ledge beneath the blind showed a touch of light which was not artificial.

The Boy stuffed the notes into the pocket of his dressing-gown and rose resolutely. He pulled up the blind. Over to the East the sun's rays heralding the day had "flung the stone that puts the stars to flight."

He drew the curtain aside and looked out through the open window. . . . The cold grey of the East was warmer-tinted now. . . .

Dawn!

The birth of the day that was to bear so much—the day that was to bear the fruit of the night's sowing:—the long, dread ul night of darkness.

Stealing over the East was the pale, watery red that preceded the sun in the grey, cloudless sky. It was cold and still, and silent. Somewhere in the void a cock was crowing his salutation to the morn. Very weirdly the call died away; very odd it sounded. Only that woke the stillness, until the soft breeze awoke and stirred the ivy, but the trees along the drive, vague in the half light, rustled. Something laid a cold hand on the Boy's forehead, something calmed his heart.

That pale, peerless grey, passionless and calm, lacking all sensuous warmth, cast its mantle of exquisite peacefulness over his soul.

He was conscious that his breath was coming in short, quick gasps, conscious that it would be an effort—but, he was a man. He could make it!

He clutched the letter and, hesitating only for something not worth while recording and very foolish, perhaps, he tore it in two and again and again!

The tiny scraps fluttered down into the shrubbery below.

Then, the soft click of his door opening, the creak of the boards as he tip-toed along the old oak-panelled corridor, the muffled sound of his slippers in the hall below. . . .

The jingle of keys, the lock of the safe turned! Back again, thank God! The accursed notes were restored; and how near—how near to dishonour!

When the Boy returned to his room the day was brighter, but he buried his head in the pillows to shut out the light. And in the cheerless grey and the cold stillness there was weeping, sobbing that shook the Boy's shoulders, and tears that, all unbidden, scalded his cheeks as they welled out of his eyes. Over in the East the sun had risen above the horizon—the Dawn of empty, sorrowful Day.

G. B. Bantock.

BRIDLING A HORSE.

Some horses have a way of setting their teeth when you bridle them, and it is very difficult to get the bit into their mouths. The best plan in such circumstances is to take the horse's underlip with your free hand and pull it gently downwards. Inevitably his lower jaw will come with it, and you will get the bit in.

The correct position for the bit in the horse's mouth is one which is dealt with in almost every handbook on horsemanship, but generally in so complicated a fashion that it is extremely difficult to understand.

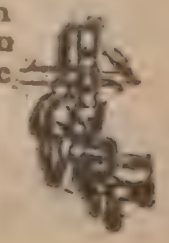
The safe rule, however, is that the bit should not wrinkle the corners of the horse's mouth. If this is attended to, it will be found that the bit is resting on what are called the bars of the mouth, where there are no teeth.

An important matter in the adjustment of a bridle is to see that the cheek straps are of equal length. It looks very bad, either in riding or driving, for one cheek strap to be straight and the other flapping out loose.

Particular care is needed in the case of a double-riding bridle. The snaffle does not usually have a buckle at both sides, and is generally adjusted at one side only. Particular care is needed in so arranging matters that, when the bits are in their proper position, the bridle straps of both curb and snaffle shall be equally tight. The curb cheek pieces will, of course, be longer than those of the snaffle, but they should be so arranged that they lie equally flat to the horse's head.

Another important matter in bridling a horse is to see that the throat lash is not too tight. When a horse is standing in the stable he has his head sticking out, and when you buckle the throat lash it may seem quite easy for him, but, nevertheless, when he draws his nose in, as he does when trotting, the throat lash may be uncomfortably tight and may make him fidgety.

A safe plan is to test the tightness by taking the horse's nose in your hand, and pressing it back towards the chest. You then get the position in which his head will be when he trots, and you must let out the throat lash until it is comfortable in that position.



THE TRAINER'S MAN.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

His clothes, his walk, his size, his ways, his talk, and indeed every inch of him proclaim his occupation and his interests.

There can be no mistake about him. He is clean-shaven, and is a closely-knit, compact figure of a man, wiry and alert, and usually a little below the average in height, as if he had at first been intended by Nature for a jockey and that she had changed her mind about him just when it was too late for him to grow up into a lanky, raw-boned youth and to settle into a giant of a man.

But he fits his niche very well and is a very handy man despite his lack of the last few inches.

The sport which gives him work, and also provides him with most of his pleasure, is one that is beset by so many pitfalls and is open to the plots and schemes of so many classes of the genus rogue that he has perforce to be wide awake.

"The horse is a noble animal" we all know and agree, but he attracts to himself and his doings an unconscionable number of pestiferous vagabonds. The man, therefore, who has legitimate truck with horses must be as wise as a serpent and have his eyes, as the Americans say, "well skinned."

Every training establishment has a sort of unconquerable fascination for the prying, plotting trickster who lives by his wits, and it becomes the second nature of the training stable hand to suspect the man whose business is not open to the light of day.

But among the true members of the racing fraternity, the trainer's man is one of the best. His life can hardly induce any traits of character that are undesirable.

Consider the conditions in which he works. As a rule he is for months of the year perched high up on some of the rolling chalk downs, England's most typical and delightful playgrounds. Here he is surrounded on all sides by vast natural expanses, over which sweep the free breezes that keep a man clean in mind and body—and in sportsmanship. And always he is amongst the horses, laboriously persevering to bring them to perfection of condition so that, when the time comes to turn up at the starting-gate, the race will be to the swiftest and the best stayer.

His, indeed, is an enviable lot, and one that has infinite attractions for the sport-loving man. Horses are his work and his pleasure; he can never have too much of them.

The ability to keep a silent tongue in his head is not the least of his good points. This is indeed a *sine quâ non* of success for him. No stable hand given to boasting and babbling about the plans of his employer or the intentions of the owners, or the capabilities and trial runs of the horses, is likely to remain long inside the stable. He is far too dangerous and communicative in a business in which secrecy means so much.

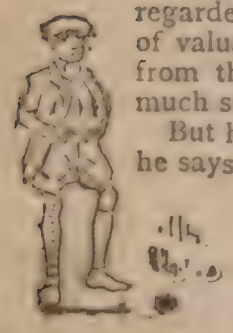
The writer was once chatting in the coffee-room of a country hotel in the neighbourhood of famous training stables. There passed the window, as we stood smoking, a smart, well-set-up young fellow who had all the outward signs and manners of the man accustomed to horses. The trainer called my attention to him.

"See that man?" he said. "If he could only hold his tongue he would be worth his weight in gold to any trainer. I had him at one time, and I never knew a man who could get on such good terms with his horses and get so much out of them. But he talked to everybody he happened to meet, and the town knew as much about my horses and their powers as I did. So he had to go, and he has never kept any job long for the same reason."

Among his close acquaintances the stableman is regarded as the receptacle for innumerable pieces of valuable information, and his "tips," gathered from the four quarters of the racing world, are much sought after.

But he is above all loyal to his employer, and if he says little he "thinks the more."

D. Hogan.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A LETTER.

I reproduce here a letter which I have received from a Dublin reader; it interests me, and perhaps it will interest you.

By the way, you will notice that in the letters I print I never give away the name of the writer or indicate his identity in any way, so you need not be afraid of having publicity forced upon you when you write to me.

It would not, in my opinion, be the right thing to publish the names of my correspondents, but, at the same time, I see no harm in giving my readers an occasional peep into my letter-bag, for the reproduction of a letter minus the writer's signature cannot be offensive to anyone.

Here is the message to which I refer:

AN IRISH COMPLAINT.

"As one who takes an interest in your weekly paper, The Modern Man, I would like to offer a suggestion which, if acted upon, might add considerably to the popularity of your paper on this side of the Channel.

"We are all agreed that your paper is to the Englishman truly the modern man's paper, but does it offer any particular attraction to the Irishman.

"We read with interest your stories and articles dealing with the different characters—Richard Selby, Englishman; Trooper Kernahan, &c., all of which are purely English, and, if I might add the word, *bigoted*.

"Why not invite one of your contributors to write a series of articles in which Ireland would figure conspicuously? I do not mean articles dealing with the manœuvring of the English Territorials on Irish ground, but articles touching upon Irish country, or holiday life, &c.

"As is well known, Ireland is one of the finest countries in Europe for holidaying, whether you be interested in boating, fishing, hunting, shooting, golfing, cycling, motoring, or in any other of the numerous ways in which we spend the all too short time which we can annually snatch from our round of toil.

WHY HE READS THE PAPER.

"I may say for a fact that my interest in your paper is wholly selfish, inasmuch as I would cease reading it to-morrow if we had a paper of the same spirit and tone in Ireland.

"It seems to me that if I were an Englishman I would work night and day to extend the sales of your paper all over the country. But, being Irish, pure and simple, although I admire the characters of Richard Selby, Kernahan, etc., I simply hate them as being the representatives of my country's oppressors.

"When I read your Territorial articles and see the paragraph about the man who fondles his gun lovingly, knowing that it is the weapon that would drive back the hated foe from the 'sacred shores of his beloved country,' I think to myself of the uses which have been made of these same guns, from the twelfth century down almost to the present day—the wholesale slaughter of Irish men, women, and children by Oliver Cromwell and other such inhuman monsters—I sigh to myself and think of the smug complacency of Englishmen.

"But I seem to have wandered from my theme. At any rate I have aired my views and those of the majority of my fellow countrymen in this my first letter to any journal, and I hope that from the above lengthy and (to you) somewhat bloodthirsty epistle, you will understand the class of articles that would be suitable to Irish modern men, whose motto is best illustrated by the title 'Sinn Fein.'

"I hope that the above suggestion will be acted upon; and, believe me, although I seem to have been carried away by an excessive hatred of the English people, I still recognise as one of the best—our Editor.

"Yours truly,

"——— ———."

BRITONS AND SPORTSMEN.

This letter is what you might call a mixture of compliment and complaint, and I hope, before I have finished dealing with it, that I shall remove all cause for the latter.

I may say, first of all, that it is never my intention to glorify the Englishman, and Richard Selby and Kernahan are but types of the Briton.

As I have already stated, it is impossible for a man to be enthusiastic about Great Britain, although every Briton prides himself on being an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, or a Welshman, as the case may be. The very name of any of the three countries, or of the Principality, thrills those who have been born there, and when I or my contributors speak of England I think that in most cases the Scotch and the Irish readers unconsciously substitute the name Scotland or Ireland respectively.

National characteristics, whatever be the explanation of them, unquestionably affect a man's character and personality, but the man who appeals to me most strongly, and in whom this paper is therefore most interested, is the sport-loving chap, and you find him in every one of the four corners of these islands—and, I believe, nowhere else on God's earth, except, of course, in the Colonies to which he has been transplanted.

GETTING TO KNOW MY PUBLIC.

Before I started this paper I made it my business to become acquainted with the public whom I was likely to have as readers. At different times, partly because I like to travel—in Britain always, and never abroad—and partly for business reasons, I had made a point of visiting most places where I was likely to have a circulation.

Ireland was one of them.

I am not likely to forget the reception which I met with in Ireland. I was a stranger, but that very fact appeared to be more than sufficient to ensure every comfort and kindness being offered to me. The Irish girls were beautiful, and the Irishmen were thorough sportsmen. I knew nothing of either till I visited the country, but since that visit I have retained the utmost respect and affection for both.

MY IRISH TRADE.

That this paper is acceptable to the majority of Irishmen is evidenced, by me very satisfactorily to myself, by the fact that the circulation in Ireland is now greater than that of any other English weekly paper.

I wish it were so in England and also in Scotland, and some day it will be. The Irish public, however, have seized upon me and my paper straight away, and have taken me to their hearts—for which I thank them very deeply.

This shows sufficiently that the paper is acceptable to most Irishmen, and I am certain that I gives offence to none, for, liking them as I do, I would never permit anything offensive to them to appear in the paper.

POLITICS.

Ireland, I know, has many grievances. It is not for me to discuss them, for I do not profess to have very much knowledge of politics, except in so far as they affect trade.

I do not attempt, however, to appeal to the Irishman politically, for I frankly confess that I have never studied Irish politics exhaustively.

As a sportsman and a man, however, I do appeal to him, and my appeal has been successful, for sportsmanship is something, I verily believe, higher and nobler than politics or party.

I am afraid that my printers do not possess any Irish type, so that I cannot reproduce the Irish word of salutation, although I know it well. Therefore I shall give in the English equivalent to my Irish readers the greeting which I mean. I raise my glass to them and drink them the very best of luck and my best respects.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE POPULAR MAN.

V.—THE MAN OF CHARM.

Among all men the most popular is he who possesses the indefinable quality called "charm" by some, "personality" by others, "personal magnetism" by yet others, and a variety of different terms by the rest.

A man need not be even a sportsman, need not have sportsmanship in his blood, and yet may glide safely into the port of popularity provided he has but one elusive quality of charm.

It is independent of every other attribute or the want of it. Sportsmen have it or have it not, uncertainly and promiscuously, and it appears in the most unexpected quarters.

It needs no recognised soil in which to grow and flourish. It is a mysterious sort of individuality which enables a man to make a human appeal to all the generous instincts of those with whom he comes in contact; and as we rush to meet the man of charm and delight in his company, we are in reality paying homage to the inscrutable problem of personality.

Why a man is immensely popular only by reason of this charm. In many ways he may be utterly objectionable, even unfit for the society of sportsmen and gentlemen, but everything is forgiven, delinquencies excused, if only the man has charm.

We have all met him. He has no particular abilities, no powerful mind, no iron will, he may have no interests in common with our own, if, indeed, he happens to have any at all; and yet there is something about him that finds us excusing his slackness, overlooking possibly his flagrant breaches of good taste.

It is some subtle quality that has no name, that carries him through and makes him ever welcome to his friends. Moreover, it is by no means the rule that such men are in other respects below par. Often—and here you get the ideal expression of charm—it is found in a man who has much besides to make him attractive. A lover of the open air, a keen sportsman, a clever man at most things and then he becomes an object of universal praise. He is sometimes endowed with this quality, nevertheless he seldom seems to realise his power, is usually, in fact, unconscious that he exerts any other than a normal influence.

The man of charm is usually one who never thinks of meeting his troubles half way. He finds time enough to tackle unpleasant problems when they are demanding his attention with imperative voice, when in fact they won't wait any longer. Worries that make other men grey and careworn seem to float over him and leave him delightfully composed and comfortable.

A hearty and infectious laugh is his, and unfailing tact and good humour.

In the mouth of another man his casual conversation would sound flat, dull, uninteresting, but with the man of charm not a word is without its appeal.

Whatever else he is, the man of charm is never possessed by any ideas of superiority. He would lose his charm very rapidly if he were.

Generally he has a pretty good idea of himself, but nobody resents that; it is merely an evidence of self-respect (a little exaggerated, perhaps). It is essentially different from giving an impression of superiority, and therefore arouses no antagonism in the minds of those with whom he is brought into contact.

Nothing human is alien to him, no men or matters too remote from his interests to secure his attention and good will. Few men have so many friends; and yet few really seem to deserve them so little as he, for he takes no pains to cultivate or keep them.

His is essentially a casual nature that takes things as they come and never tries to meddle with what he thinks is the unalterable decree of fate.

We walk round him as we may, there is no discovering the secret of his charm. All we can do is to enjoy its expression through his personality and speculate endlessly upon the nature of the mystery he embodies.

G. C. Hamilton.

"Sh-sh-sh!" said the bishop, as he foozled the ball.

"Sh-sh-sh won't send that ball where you want it to go to," said the caddie.

* * *

"There's a penny stamp enclosed with each of these begging letters," said the millionaire to his secretary. "Answer them on postcards."

And there are still people who wonder how he amassed his fortune.

* * *

Hospital Surgeon (diagnosing case): "What do you drink?"

Patient: "Thank you, sir. Whatever you—I leave that to you, sir."

* * *

Countryman (to dentist who has handed him a glass of warm water to wash his mouth out after an extraction): "'Ere's luck!"

* * *

"Pa, what are these things?"

"Engine boilers, my son."

"Pa, why do they boil engines?"

* * *

"I'd go to the end of the earth for you," said the young man.

"Yes, but would you stay there?" asked the maiden.

And a coldness fell between them.

* * *

Humorist (to driver of Black Maria): "What's the fare?"

Driver: "Same's you 'ad last time—bread and water."

* * *

Gawge: "Good gracious! I believe I'm the greatest fool in the world."

Cholly: "That makes it unanimous, deah boy."

* * *

"Ah, well," said the chemist as he looked at the good sixpence and the bad half-crown which the customer had paid him, "the sixpence is good, so I've fivepence-halfpenny profit, anyhow."

* * *

"Where did you get these cigarettes?"

"At Smokem's. Why?"

"I only wanted to know. Might get into the same shop by mistake."

* * *

"I knew something would happen!" cried the old lady, on her first railway trip, as the train dashed into the tunnel and the carriage became dark. "I'm stone blind!"

* * *

"And so you think we ought to be better paid?" said the parson delightedly.

"Ay," said the old parishioner. "We'd get a better class o' men."

* * *

"Well, I'm blowed!" said the bird-dealer. "Here I've spent half a day paintin' up a sparrow into a red-headed Belgian canary, and the fellow I've sold it to has given me a bad half-sovereign!"

TACKLING.

AN ARTICLE FOR RUGBY FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

"Go for him low," was the lesson I learned with no little tribulation at school.

It was sound advice then, and although the Rugby game has been revolutionised almost out of recognition since the day, my day, of twenty minute "mauls," fierce "scragging," and tenacious lying on the ball, it is sound advice now.

The low tackle, that is, round the ankles or, anyway, below the knees, is the most effective way of stopping a man.

Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, it is also the safest mode of tackling. I say I learned to go for a man low in tribulation. My sufferings, however, were not due to any danger in, or injury caused by, low tackling, but simply to the fact that any funking met with immediate and condign punishment from the toe of the captain's boot.

A half-hearted low tackle will expose you to serious risk of a nasty kick in the face, but take your man cleanly, round or about the ankles, making your dive preferably when he is almost past you, and he will come down like a cleanly-shot bird; as you are clasping his legs, his feet cannot fly up and apart to kick you, and in any case your head should be out of harm's way up against his calves.

The low tackle is *the* tackle for stopping a man who has got away and is making for goal, but it has this disadvantage that it does not prevent the player from passing the ball.

In the old days when passing was almost unknown this did not greatly matter, but nowadays, when passing is nine-tenths of the game, you want to collar not only the man but the ball. And while the low-tackle is still out and away the best for stopping the winger or whoever has got the final pass, and is sprinting for the line, for mid-field play, and especially for stopping a half or centre three-quarter, who is running in order to pass, you have got to get man and ball.

Therefore you must take your man waist-high. You may take him either from the front, side, or rear. Tackling a man from the front requires a lot of pluck, for you are practically bound to go down on your back with him on top of you, but still it is an effective tackle, for your arms going round either side of him he has little chance of getting rid of the ball.

The collar from behind is also effective, but rather dangerous, as you are apt to get badly kicked, while a smart player, feeling himself collared from behind, will hump his back, and very likely fling you clean over his head.

For most purposes the sideways tackle is the best and safest. You should go for your man when he is almost past you, and if possible you should tackle him from the side on which he is carrying the ball.

Of course, if he is running with the ball held in both hands and away from the body you want to go for the ball at all costs, but as a rule a man tucks the ball under one arm or another when he is sprinting, and you should try to collar him round that arm.

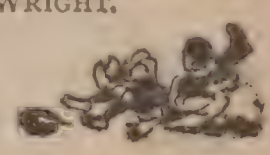
Collaring a man high or by the head is seldom any good, and is usually resorted to by "funk-sticks." It is the easiest of all tackles to parry, for you have simply to hand your man off.

That is another reason why the low tackle is the only certain way of stopping a man, for you cannot hand off a man who goes for your ankles.

At the same time, a high tackle from behind is sometimes effective. If you can catch a man up from behind, insinuate your arm round his neck, and jerk him backwards, you will stop him every time, and even if he does pass he will do so wildly.

All said and done, however, the secret of successful tackling is thoroughness. Half measures are worse than useless. Make sure of grassing your man even if you can't prevent his passing the ball. If you don't bring him right down he may go on after having passed, get the ball again, and end by scoring.

R. McW. Wright.



Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ERRORS IN DIET.

"Anything that is food is good provided it agrees with a man's digestion," said a great authority, and I don't think he was far wrong.

Errors in diet are responsible for a very large proportion of human ills. Indigestion and constipation, the two greatest scourges, are primarily due to the above cause. The generality of people eat too much of highly-seasoned dishes and drink far too much and often.

Vegetarianism has much in its favour, and, without going to extremes, for the mixed diet is far and away the best for this uncertain climate, it is by no means an unwise plan to set apart one day in the week for purely vegetable dishes to be served.

Those who suffer from indigestion will do well to omit drinking with their meals. An hour or so afterwards a glass of water may be drank with benefit.

Milk is an ideal food, but how many can take it or digest it? However, if sipped very slowly, it will rarely disagree. That is the natural and correct way of drinking milk, and, if followed, will be of untold benefit.

Remember that in a cold temperature or climate you need to eat more than in a warm one. The Eskimo's daily allowance of meat and blubber amounts to 20lb. The British soldier in the field gets 1¼lb.

Food should be thoroughly masticated before being swallowed, and the mind should be concentrated on the duty of eating in order that full benefit may be extracted from the nourishment.

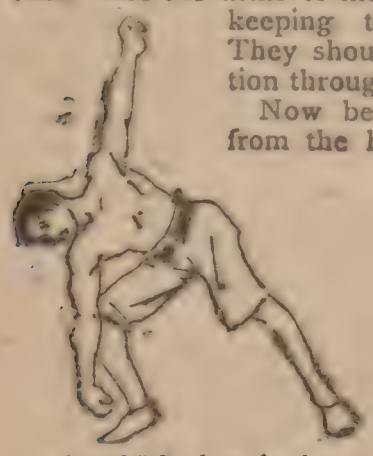
The man who bolts his food is insulting Nature, who counters him with her favourite move—dyspepsia.

Find time to eat well and slowly. Look upon it as a pleasurable duty owed to the body, and pile up dollars in the bank of health.

A GOOD BENDING EXERCISE.

Stand erect with the feet planted well apart and the arms by the sides.

Clench the fists and tense the arm muscles, and then raise the arms to the level of the shoulders, keeping them absolutely rigid. They should remain in this position throughout the exercise.



A useful developer for the side muscles.

Now bend slowly to the right from the hips, bending the right knee so as to allow the right arm to come down until it almost touches the floor.

Having forced the body as far downwards as possible, pause a second, and rise again, straightening the right leg, and continuing the movement until you assume the same position on the other side.

Do not pause when you reach the upright position, but carry the body and arms slowly round with a single sweep.

If this is done half a dozen times morning and evening it will have a most beneficial effect on the muscles of the side and leg, as well as on those of the abdomen.

THE ATHLETE'S RING.

Many men who go in vigorously for athletics are in the habit of wearing rings, and very often do not take them off when about to indulge in their favourite sport.

This is undoubtedly a great mistake, and in most sports the ring on the finger may make things unpleasant either for the wearer or for others. The boxer may damage his hand in spite of the glove; the wrestler may damage his opponent unnecessarily; the rowing man may get more blisters than he need.

A ring is always apt to spoil the grip in such sports as cricket or hockey, and is liable to cut into the hand.

At football—even of the soccer variety—there is always the possibility of your catching a man a blow across the face, which becomes a serious matter if your little finger is adorned with a signet ring.

Even for swimming it is advisable to remove the ring, not because of any danger, but because you will probably lose it if you do not.

After a short time in cold water the finger becomes so much smaller that the most tight-fitting ring is liable to drop off.

Therefore take your ring off with your clothes.

AN EXERCISE FOR THE WHOLE BODY.

For those who want an exercise that will affect the greatest number of muscles in the body at the same time, and with the best results in a very short period, I can recommend none better than the extremely simple one here illustrated.

This tells on every muscle.

The starting position is that depicted, though perhaps the hands should be a little more directly below the shoulders than the artist has shown them.

The body must remain absolutely rigid and the feet stationary.

Now lower the body slowly by bending the arms at the elbows, until it is exactly parallel with the floor, the chest being in line with the ankles.

The strain will be felt simultaneously on the ankles, the calves, the thighs, the abdomen, the shoulder and arm muscles, and the wrists, while the bringing forward of the head into line with the body—but no further—will also exercise the neck.

Then return the body to the starting position simply by straightening the arms, and raise the head.

CATCHING COLD.

It is impossible to catch cold if the blood is kept in a pure state, but the moment one gets below par, or the normal temperature of the body is lowered from some cause or another, then chills or colds may be looked for.

It is possible to sit in a draught, get wet through, or be chilled to the bone, and yet no ill-effects follow. That is simply because the blood is pure, and the body is therefore enabled to withstand the attacks made upon it.

The ordinary individual who foolishly ran these risks would pay for it promptly in sneezing and coughing.

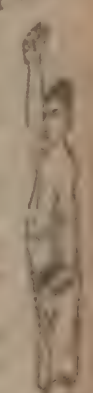
A chill combined with over-fatigue reduces vitality and renders the body an easy prey to infectious diseases.

"Mollycoddling" oneself is not to be advocated—it is not the right way to avoid cold catching. A gradual hardening process is the wisest course. Heavy overcoats and thick mufflers should never be worn. Systematic exercise and plenty of fresh air and cold water are the best safeguards in the world against colds and coughs.

If a chill should be felt or a shiver warn of it heralds an approaching cold—take a glass of hot milk with a dash of whisky, a warm bath, and then get to bed.

A BOWLING EXERCISE.

The exercise here depicted is useful [illegible] a training for the cricketer—it is, alas! [illegible] time of year to be thinking of that—but it is extremely useful as a free exercise for [illegible] the whole body, and especially for the development of the shoulder muscles.



You will, of course, not use a ball, but will close the fists loosely, without tensing the muscles.

Now take a run of a few steps forward and swing the right arm backwards and then bring it right over as in the sketch. At the same time lunge smartly forward with the left foot.

Put all the vim you can into the movement. You have not to think of delivering a straight ball, but can concentrate your whole energies on vigour of action, and it is the demon bowler of the Spofforth type rather than him whom the cricket correspondents call the "googly operator" that you [illegible] endeavour to imitate.

The average bowler is not usually [illegible] expected to be ambidextrous—though it would be no bad thing if he were—but if you are wise, you will practise this exercise with the left hand as well as the right, so that the benefit of it may not be restricted to one side only.

I don't recommend you to try it after everyone else has gone to bed.

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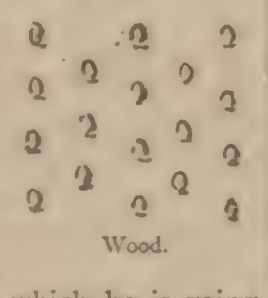
MILITARY SKETCHING

AN ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

All officers and a large proportion of N.C.O.'s of the Regular Army are taught military sketching. It is a most important branch of military knowledge, for circumstances may well arise in which a rough military sketch will be more valuable than any Old Master.

Anyone of average intelligence can become an efficient military artist, for absolutely no artistic ability is required.



Wood.

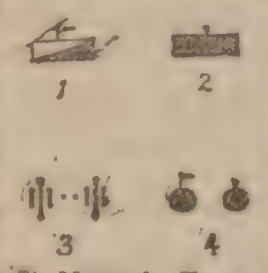
A military sketch is, above all things, a practical work, the object of which is to convey information of military value.

Take, for example, a road. It is not enough for a commander to know the length and directions of a road along which he is going to move troops.

He wants to know whether it is metalled or not, because if unmetalled it will be bad for marching, and especially for the passage of guns or heavy stores.

He wants to know whether the road is enclosed or open, for if shut in by walls or hedges it would be difficult for him in the event of attack to deploy his troops. He also wants to know for more or less obvious reasons the width of the road, gradients on it, where it is crossed by streams or other obstacles, and all about the adjacent country.

All these things a military sketch shows at a glance—at least, to the understanding eye. How? Well, the military sketcher employs a sort of artistic shorthand known as the "Conventional Signs," some of which are here produced.



(1) Mounted Troops. (2) Infantry. (3) Artillery. (4) Mounted vedette and sentry.

A military sketch must accurately show distances, and therefore it is drawn to scale, six inches to one mile being the scale most commonly used.

The distances are paced by the sketcher, but there are all sorts of dodges for saving the trouble of actual pacing. For example, telegraph poles are usually sixty yards apart, and if the sketcher has to measure a road bordered by a telegraph wire he has only to count the poles he passes to arrive at the correct total distance.

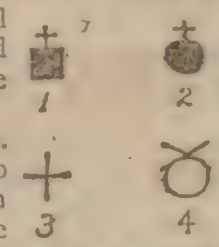
If he is a mounted man he should know in what time his horse will trot a certain distance. Say, he has ascertained that his horse trots a mile in eight minutes. If it takes him four minutes to trot from one point to another, clearly the distance between them is half a mile.

A military sketch must also show directions, and the directions or "bearings" of objects are taken as from an imaginary line drawn to magnetic or compass north. The prismatic compass enables the military sketcher to ascertain these bearings, or they can be taken by eye.

Further, a military sketch must show heights, gradients, and the shape of the ground.

In a landscape drawing hills are shown in elevation, but a military sketch is all on the flat. Moreover, a regular artist does not measure or record the actual heights of the hills he sees, the military sketcher must do so.

In the case of big hills or mountains the aneroid is used, but the military sketcher deals mainly with minor tactical positions, and has to record ground features not noticed in ordnance maps.



Church or chapel—(1) with tower. (2) with spire. (3) without tower or spire. (4) Windmill.

Contours enable him to do this. Contouring is rather difficult to explain, though easy enough in practice, but it is based on the ascertained fact that if you walk up a slope of one degree for a distance of 19·1 yards, you will rise one foot. The sketcher has an instrument called the clinometer which enables him to ascertain the degree of any slope.

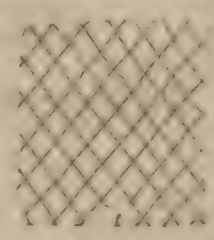
For example, he stands at the foot of a hill and finds with the clinometer that it rises on a uniform slope of one degree. He paces the distance to the top of the hill and finds it 191 yards. The hill therefore is ten feet high.

Now, a contour is an imaginary line running round a hill at the same level all the way round, and if the sketcher decided to put in a contour or form line for every rise of one foot that hill would be represented by ten contours. One foot, however, is too small an interval, so in a six inch to one mile sketch each contour is made to represent a rise or fall of twenty feet.

Thus on a six-inch map if you see, say, a church on one contour and a railway station on the contour immediately below the other, you should know that the difference in level is twenty feet.

The closer contours are together, the steeper the ground.

There are many more things that a military sketch should convey, and whenever possible it should be accompanied by a written report.



Obstacles.

Thus if the sketcher comes across a railway station he should give full information about the rolling stock, accommodation available, and so on.

In the case of houses or other buildings their capacity for defence should be noted. Churches should also be carefully fixed, especially old ones, the strong walls of which make them good as strongholds or hospitals.

The velocity of rivers should be ascertained by the simple expedient of taking the time it takes a piece of wood or other suitable object to float a distance previously measured.

It is not sufficient to say "Here is a wood"; the nature of the trees, whether the wood is easily passable or not, the nature and extent of the undergrowth—all these are points of importance from a military point of view.

The materials, span, construction, arches, and so on of bridges should always be stated, while it should be made clear whether a railway line is single or double, where it rises on embankments or passes through cuttings. Embankments and cuttings are often most important tactical positions.

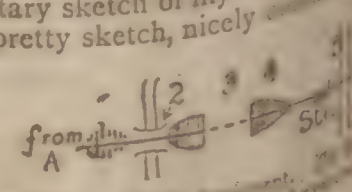
(1) Road enclosed by hedge or fence. (2) Road without fence, &c. (3) Footpath.

In short, the military sketcher must use his brains, and learn to seize upon what is essential and what is not. A sketch that shows too much is almost as bad as one that shows too little.

Above all, the military sketcher must be accurate.

"Something bitter arises" when I write of how I once had to make a very long march through strange and badly watered country. I was provided with a military sketch of my route.

It was a very pretty sketch, nicely coloured and lettered, and at various points water was shown.



Railway. (1) Embankment. (2) Level. (3) Tunnel. (4) Cutting. (5) [illegible]

But not once was the sketch right within five miles. At one point it showed abundant water when there was not a drop within eighteen miles, and we precious near died of thirst on the march a solid thirty-three miles without a drink.

The technical part of military sketching is easily learned, and it is quite a fascinating pursuit to come to look at all ground from a military and tactical point of view, and to take a new interest in country walks and your surroundings.

"CHESTNUT."

CURSORY COMMENTS.

The fish that keeps its mouth shut lives longer than the other kind.

* * *

The man who marries for money usually gets all he deserves.

* * *

It's easy to take a house in the country, but to own a camera.

* * *

If a man finds it difficult to get a chance to propose, he can make up his mind that the girl doesn't want him.

* * *

Gas bills are the nastiest form of light literature.

* * *

A poor man is one who gets his money by earning it.

* * *

The average man thinks the average man is far below his level.

* * *

The better we know some men the more we wonder why we know them.

* * *

The things that come to those who wait aren't worth waiting for.

* * *

Contentment is a bird we see but only [illegible]

* * *

Digestion is more a matter of chews than [illegible]

* * *

Hope for the best, if you like; but it's better to work for it.

* * *

It makes a girl tired to have a young man [illegible] kiss.

* * *

The umbrella borrower detests a man with his name engraved on the handle.

* * *

One comfort about a castle in the air is that it needs no plumber.

* * *

A large diamond will win more fair ladies than a dozen faint hearts.

* * *

A woman never knows whether a hat is becoming to her till she ascertains the price.

* * *

Only a fool will give up his seat to a pretty girl in a tram-car when he has his wife with him.

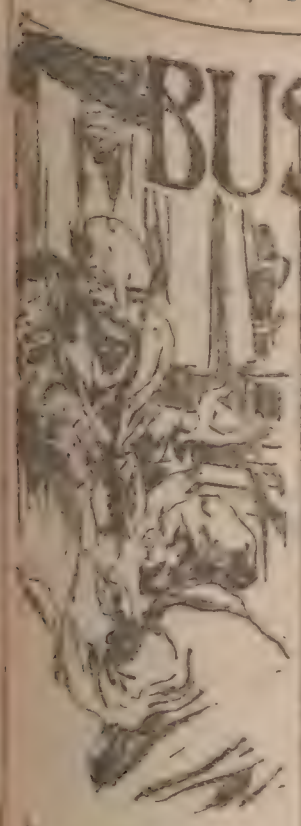
* * *

Some people are like pins. If they [illegible] wouldn't be worth while spending much time looking for them.

* * *

Taking a kiss without asking for it will please some women, but asking for it and not taking it will offend them all.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

SUCCESS FOR THE WORKING-MAN.

I have before me a letter which points out a fault of which I have certainly been guilty.

The writer reminds me that in most of my articles on business topics, I have taken for granted that they will be perused by commercial men of various kinds, professional men, shopkeepers, clerks, employers and employés of every description, but always, as he puts it, "men who wear a linen collar to their work."

He accuses me of having neglected the workman, the man whose labour is purely manual, and whose bread is the product of his hands and not of his head.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE AVERAGE.

I am afraid I have neglected him, and like all others I fly to an excuse. My excuse is that the working-man has so far been regarded as outside the possible so far as business success is concerned.

Individual working-men certainly raise themselves to prominence and power, but the average working-man remains a worker throughout his life. So far as the business world is concerned he is in most cases, rather a useful servant than a profitable employer.

This reader's letter, however, brings me strongly to realise the fact that even to the ordinary working-man—labourer if you like to call him so—there is a vast importance in the method in which he conducts his life from a business point of view, and, as a paper of this importance circulates amongst every class of society, I feel justified this week in devoting my leading article to business from the workman's view-point.

The working-man who has ambition generally manages, by hook or by crook, to secure a better education than his parents have been able to give him. Night schools, continuation classes, and private study enable him to obtain a fairly liberal education, but as soon as he reaches this stage he ceases to be a working-man in the ordinary sense of the word, for he secures some new employment where head work counts as well as manual labour.

THE TYPICAL WORKMAN.

I shall therefore leave the ambitious working-man out of the question, for he is not a representative of his class, and I doubt much whether, at the end of his painstaking, he is happier than those whom he considers he has left behind him.

The typical working-man is—I think I may say it safely—moderately content with his lot, not very ambitious, by no means fond of study, liking to take advantage of passing enjoyments, provided they do not interfere seriously with his future prospects, and satisfied so long as the job he holds appears to be fairly secure.

The ambitious working-man will repudiate the view I take of the class, and will say that I do not do them sufficient credit, and that they would all have been doctors, solicitors, and so forth had opportunity been kind to them; but in accusing me of this, the ambitious working-man will be looking at things through his own tinted spectacles. I think I have been fairly just in striking the average I have struck.

Let me say here, in case there should be any misinterpretation of my remarks, that I have the utmost respect for every good workman.

It is all very well to discuss tactics, strategy, and generalship in the commercial world, but, after all, the workman is to the world of business precisely what the private soldier is to the Army—its backbone.

As an employer myself, and one who has had many opportunities of observing the merits of the British workman, I salute him.

ADVANTAGE OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

What is to be his scheme so far as his business life is concerned?

I am no advocate of early marriage for clerks and others, for I consider that in many cases it hampers a man and makes him stick to a badly paid post for fear of being left destitute, but in the case of the workman I should say that one of the best things he could possibly do, even from a business standpoint, it is to marry as early as he can—and to marry the right woman.

His pursuits are not intellectual, he has small inducements to remain in the house reading, his body is tired after the day's labours, and he lacks the impulse for much additional exercise. How then is he to spend his evenings?

The men with whom he works are in the habit of patronising one public-house or another, where generally they drink modestly and smoke much, and where they discuss all topics of local and mutual interest. But when the young workman marries—provided always that his wife has been well chosen—he has home comforts which make the public-house a place of small enticement.

Besides this, he fares better even in the matter of food than he did when in lodgings, and thus his body is maintained in greater fitness and his commercial value remains at its full height, for it is upon his body that the labourer depends for his wages.

PROVISION FOR LATER YEARS.

Another reason why the young workman should marry early is that by the time he reaches later middle age, and has to accept smaller wages, he will have children about him who can help to swell the family purse.

The system of working parents taking a heavy slice of their children's wages as "board and lodging" has been much condemned in certain quarters, but I do not think that there is anything very serious to be said against it.

After all, the working-class boy is making more at sixteen than a public school boy of the same age receives in pocket-money, and, therefore, unless the customary deduction were made from the weekly wages by the parents, the working boy would be taught habits of extravagance.

The system of working parents counting upon their children to provide for their old age is a well-established one, and, in my opinion, thoroughly advisable and practical.

I would, at the same time, however, advise the young working-man to insure his life with a reputable insurance company, preferably on some endowment system or scheme which will give him, at the age of fifty, either 15s. a week or a sufficient lump sum to enable him to establish a small shop if he fancies doing so.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND POLITICS.

There are many clubs and societies of various kinds which offer attractive terms to their members in the way of insurance, but the past has shown that in too many cases they collapse, and their members receive nothing of the money that they have invested.

I wish to cast no reflection whatsoever on such excellent friendly societies as the Oddfellows. In fact I should strongly recommend every working-man to be a member of one of these societies.

I have never yet touched upon politics on this page, but I am disposed to do it in this instance, for at the present time politics constitute a considerable danger to the working-man.

He is tempted to attend various political meetings, and he goes to them for the sake of the excitement and for the vanity of giving his vote to a resolution, but, in almost every case, he is being played with by agitators or political agents, who care for nothing about him except his vote.

It is the working-man's duty to take an intelligent interest in the politics of his country and to vote according to his convictions; but he can best obtain the necessary facts for forming a decision by studying the newspapers of the different parties; for him to become an habitual attendant of political meetings is to waste his time, and possibly to damage him in the eyes of his employer, who knows very well that the political enthusiast is generally a malcontent.

I have offered these words of counsel in all humility to any working-man who may peruse them.

They are the result of my own experience of working-men, and I am inclined to think that there is truth in them.

In a word, I should advise the working-man to keep his body clean and sound, for it is his asset, and to enjoy life generally in a sane and harmless manner. For what is generally called "success" he cares little, and I do not see very much reason why he should, for I verily believe that he is as happy as the man who has many cares and worries on his shoulders—if not happier.

THE HOPELESS CUSTOMER.

Perhaps the mistake most frequently made by shopkeepers and their assistants is that of treating the hopeless customer badly.

When a man comes into a shop, asks for something which the shopkeeper has not got, and, in the driest tones, is informed that he must go elsewhere, he is almost, though not quite, treated with incivility.

I recall being in a shop not very long ago, and hearing a customer ask whether he could obtain a certain article for a certain price.

The shopkeeper could not supply it at that price, and he ought certainly to have stated this fact briefly and courteously, but what he did was to make various remarks upon the impossibility of a sound article being produced at that figure, that it could only be obtained by sweated labour, that he ought to patronise So-and-So's Cash Stores (a well-known cheap shop), for it was no good coming to a high-class establishment like this.

This sort of treatment is infinitely foolish.

That customer is naturally wounded a little by the shafts that have been levelled at him, even if he does not show it, and he makes a resolution never to patronise that shop again.

The world is constantly changing, and the man who had to leave the shop to-day, because he could not afford to pay so much as was demanded, may be a man of substance and wealth a year hence, and therefore a potential customer.

If you are uncivil, even by your silence, to any one who visits your shop, he may say something slighting about your firm to other people, and thus damage you more than you will ever guess.

Many a business comes to grief through the ill reports spread by such unknown enemies.

On the other hand, to be civil, and even polite, to everybody who comes inside the shop, is a system to which no objection can be raised.

For one thing it costs nothing, and for another it is highly possible that this customer—accustomed perhaps to incivility under similar conditions elsewhere—may commend your politeness to his friends and so provide you with a free advertisement.

The safest rule is to look upon everyone who comes inside your shop door as your guest for the time being, and to treat him or her with all the courtesy you would show to anyone who happened to be visiting your private house.

This is a point which employers and managers should attend to, and so should their assistants.

Advertising, skilful management, outlay of capital, and all the other things that go to the building of a shop-keeper's business, will be of no avail unless the public are treated politely.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXI.
CONFOUNDING A ROGUE.

It was shortly after three o'clock on an October afternoon when Richard Selby strode rapidly along the crowded pavement of Gloming-street, London E.C., until he came to No. 116A.

Here he paused, cast his eye up and down the long list of names painted on the walls, and saw that Messrs. Parrock and Co., Factors and Foreign Merchants, occupied the offices at No. 49 on the second floor.

Thither accordingly he proceeded, and entering found himself in a small waiting room, facing a door with a window of obscured glass, which evidently worked in a sash. The words "Please Knock" were printed on the window in black letters.

Notwithstanding this, Richard tried the handle of the door, found that it was locked, put his shoulder and knee against it, pushed steadily to the accompaniment of a noise of splitting wood, and walked in.

At the same moment a door opened at the farther end of the office where he now was, and a smartly-attired man, with a dark Jewish face, hurried towards him.

"What the devil ——" he began.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Parrock," said Richard, pleasantly. "Alone, I see."

"Who in the name of fury are you, and what do you mean by bursting open my door?"

"I was too keen to see you to wait for formalities," returned Richard, drily. "As for my name, it's Richard Selby, of Moulden, and I have a little business to discuss with you."

Even before the last remark was finished the countenance of the man confronting him underwent a transformation from rage to consternation, and from consternation to a tremendous attempt to appear at ease.

"I—I know your name, er—yes," he stammered, "but it will be my brother you want to see. This is his business, you know."

"You'll do just as well," said Richard, laconically. "That your office? Not much more furniture there than here. Anyhow it doesn't much matter where we talk; there are no clerks about to overhear."

"What d'you mean?" demanded the other, savagely.

"Merely that my luck's in. A delay of another day, and I very much fear that Mr. Parrock also would have been numbered among the lost."

"I—I don't understand you. My brother's away on the Continent, and, business being slack during his absence, the staff have been given a holiday."

"Considerate of you, Mr. Parrock," commented Richard, "very considerate, indeed. However, my time's short."

He felt in his pocket and brought out a paper.

"I have here a statement of the amount owing to me by your firm for chain supplied to your orders. The exact figure is three-thirty-five pounds twelve and eightpence." He looked up from the paper. "I want that money, Mr. Parrock," he added calmly.

"Then you'll have to want. My brother—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Richard, nodding. "That story has served you many a time I don't doubt. But I've no time for amusement of that sort. I want that money," he repeated without a trace of impatience, "and I want it now."

The other shrugged, put his hands in his trouser pockets, jingled the keys and coins there, and raised himself slightly on his toes.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry for you," he observed, allowing himself to sink gently back again.

Then he completed the semblance of indifference by lifting his eyebrows and shaping his mouth for a silent whistle.

"That or penal servitude," added Richard as a casual afterthought.

The change of expression this time rivalled lightning for speed.

"*E-eh!*" the man exclaimed on the high note of fear.

His hands came out of his pockets, the eyes darted furtively about, and for an instant he was the trapped animal. Then again he got a mastery of himself.

"You're either insane or—or—intoxicated," he got out, and licked his lips.

"I see I shall have to explain," continued Richard. "Six months ago you sent me an inquiry for a small quantity of chain. I quoted; my London agent called upon you here. You gave the names of two firms as references, one in London, the other in Liverpool. Our first transactions were satisfactory; you paid, and—sent a larger order."

The other brought out a cigar case, proffered it, received a shake of the head, and himself lit up ostentatiously.

"Go on," he said, easily.

"Those two firms are yourself trading under different names, Mr. Parrock. Between the three of them you manage to conduct, I should imagine, a rather profitable business. You create confidence by paying promptly for the initial orders, then when liabilities pile up"—Richard glanced about and faintly smiled—"you find it also profitable to quit."

"You're talking crack-brained nonsense," put in Mr. Parrock, "and I've got something better to do than waste my time with a lunatic."

Richard looked at his watch.

"It's now just on half-past three," he said. "If you haven't the cash here with you I'll come along with you to the bank to get it."

Mr. Parrock revealed his gums in a grin that was meant to be sarcastic.

"If you knew me better," he observed, "you'd scarcely attempt to get over me by crude threats. I'm somewhat too experienced to be easily frightened."

"They're not threats," contradicted Richard as gently. "They're facts. I see I must remind you of a little more. There is a certain store in Wild Street, E.—ah! I see you recall it. There, ultimately, all the goods your little enterprises succeed in obtaining are sent and sold under the hammer."

"It's a lie!" retorted Parrock. Then, hastily—"and what if they are?"

"And generally disposed of for less than original cost—not altogether in keeping with ordinary business-like methods."

"It's nothing to do with you how I conduct my affairs," said Mr. Parrock, indignantly.

"Not a scrap, so long as you pay up," agreed Richard, again looking at the watch held in the palm of his hand.

"And how dare you suggest my methods are dishonest?" pursued the other, gaining confidence from the successful ring of anger in his voice. "There's no dishonesty in being in debt. Your account is only a couple of months overdue and it isn't convenient for me to pay it at present. That's all I have to say about it. If you're not satisfied, then you have the usual remedy. Put me in the court for it."

"Precisely," said Richard, "but it will be the criminal court. That's where long firm frauds are generally thrashed out."

Mr. Parrock had half turned to go back to his farther office, but he spun round again.

"Long firm, bah! You'd need some cleverer than you to prove that."

"It would take a little time and trouble, I admit. Such cases generally do. But I don't mind a little trouble when I've made up my mind to have my way. And ——" Richard put his watch in his pocket, "—— that happens to be what I've done with regard to you. I get my account squared by you now, to-day, in cash, or I give you into custody. I give you one minute in which to make up your mind."

"I sha'n't require it," was the cool reply. "Go and lay your information and get your warrant. The authorities will give it you. Good afternoon."

"You're coming as well," Richard told him with equal coolness. "You're altogether too precious for me to let out of my sight."

A gleam of terror lit the other's eyes, and his jaw worked.

"You'd use force?" he said in a muffled undertone.

"Carry you under my arm if you won't come any other way," replied Richard.

Mr. Parrock's glance travelled up and down the figure opposite, and palpably he was judging what chance he would have against that lithe, well-knit frame. Then, suddenly, he twisted about and scurried for the inner office like a rabbit.

A hand grasped his collar just as his own got hold of the handle of the door beyond.

"Another exit, eh!" said Richard, wrenching again. Mr. Parrock, his features distorted, struggled fiercely, struggled with the fierceness of a madman. He was trying to use his teeth when a blow on the ear jarred him, and he went limp, beaten, the sweat breaking out on his forehead.

"Turn out your pockets," ordered Richard, loosening his grip.

"I haven't the money here, damn you!"

"Turn them out!"

Richard thrust the man from him, and stood impassive while the other cursed him.

"Now, then, hurry up!" he added. "I've wasted enough time with you."

Cowed for the time being, at least, Mr. Parrock obeyed.

"M—m! Three cheque-books," commented Richard, "each for a different bank. We'll go to the one where you have an account. That's Wild Street concern. That promises best. Never mind that fountain pen. You can write at the bank. I'm not taking a cheque from you here, thank you. There's such a thing as telegraphing and stopping payment."

"You infernal swine!" muttered Mr. Parrock through his closed teeth, as mechanically he straightened his clothes. "I'll make you pay for this!"

He took his silk hat and overcoat from a peg on the wall and donned them.

"May I perish if I don't!" he added, with venom, catching sight of Richard's unperturbed face.

"You can think out the best way in the cab," said Richard, opening the door.

Twenty minutes later he pocketed a quantity of coin to the value of £335 12s. 8d., and left his ex-customer a cordial good afternoon.

II.

The 6.55 p.m. express non-stop train from Euston to Birmingham was almost ready to start when Richard passed through the barrier and walked along the platform looking for a vacant first-class carriage.

This found, he settled himself comfortably in a corner and opened out his evening paper.

He was not to travel alone, however, for a moment while whistling and the slamming of doors indicated immediate departure, the door of his carriage swung open and two men came in.

He glanced up casually from his paper, and took stock of them. One of them was black bearded, with a slouch hat and a [illegible] with the collar turned up. The other was a clean shaven, short man, with a thin, straight mouth and a hatchet jaw.

A last whistle and a last slam, and the train began to slide slowly forward.

The two men took the corners at the other side of the carriage, and hid themselves behind newspapers, while Richard went on with the reading of his.

[illegible] motion, the train rattled along, [illegible] over points, fleeting past signal-boxes [illegible] through stations at ever-increasing speed.

Presently Richard found little to interest him in [illegible], for in a very short time he drew a note-[illegible] from his pocket, made some entry in it, [illegible] on his knee, then replaced the book, and, [illegible]ng up the paper, tossed it carelessly on the [illegible].

Then he thrust his feet beneath the seat opposite, folded his arms, and sank into dreamy contemplation.

So time passed and now the train was roaring through open country. Richards eyelids drooped. They opened again at the sound of a rustling in the far corner, and the eyes looked and fixed upon the muzzle of a revolver.

"I trouble you to put up your hands," said the clean-shaven man in a distinct voice.

Richard brought his feet to the ground, and [illegible]

"I was wondering how long you were going to be," he remarked.

The man threw a glance of blank astonishment at his companion, who also vented surprise [illegible]mation.

"Keep him covered," said the latter, quickly, and Richard laughed openly.

"The voice of Parrock!" he exclaimed. "What a lovely surprise! But you've been clumsy, you know. There's a spot of red ink on the inside of your left cuff. I saw it at the interview, an hour ago, and I saw it as soon as you came in."

The black-bearded man started and half-sprang [illegible] only to sink back again at some [illegible]ttered in an undertone by the other.

"Put 'em up, 'em!"

The revolver was brought up until it was covered true on Richard's chest.

"Murder means hanging, my friend," said Richard, his eyes narrowing in the attempt to read him.

"No arguing. Up with 'em!"

Richard did not move, though all his nerves [illegible] in rebellion at his recklessness.

"And all for nothing," he added, softly.

"We'll see about that. I'll count three. The [illegible]n't be heard, you know. One, two——"

Richard's hands went up.

"Now! Through his pockets, *quick!*" whispered the man with the weapon. "Keep to the side of [illegible]"

The other slid along his seat, and Richard [illegible]s head and laughed at him.

"I sent the notes away by registered post an hour ago," he observed, "but go ahead! I sha'n't [illegible] you."

"Take no notice of his gas," put in the other, [illegible] Richard had already recognised perfect [illegible] of nerve. "Go right through him."

"I wonder where you've arranged to slow up the train and jump off," Richard remarked, while the operation was in progress, though he expected [illegible] received no answer. Nevertheless, his [illegible]ious enjoyment of the adventure was discon-[illegible]erting.

Then for a space the search proceeded in [illegible], everything being scrutinised in growing [illegible] and thrown on the floor.

"Is the lot?" queried Richard pleasantly, and [illegible] impulse, whose daring he could not resist, [illegible]ade him lower one hand and bring out the loose [illegible]silver in his trousers pocket. "The remainder of your twelve and eightpence," he added laughing.

"He's tricked us! He's lying!" Parrock [illegible], and he flung himself on Richard.

"Get out of the way of the gun, you fool!" yelled [illegible] other.

But too late! There was a brief scuffle, then [illegible] body went careering back on to that of [illegible]anion.

The instant Richard had smashed the glass [illegible]ecting the electric lights, bringing sudden [illegible]arkness, and tugged the communication cord.

A gasp, a sharp oath, and a shot, then a groan, and the sound of a falling body.

Afterwards, a rush of wind from the open door, and another scuffle, as Richard prevented the escape of the man who had opened it, grinding brakes, a shout, and the guard running along with a lantern.

"What's all this?" said the guard, shining a light and seeing a body huddled on the floor, and a man prostrate on one seat held there with a knee and a pair of hands clutching his throat.

"Pick up that revolver," said Richard grimly. Then he stood erect. "Phew!" he whistled. "That fellow's hurt badly from the sound of his groans. Hold the lantern nearer." He turned the wounded man over. "Ah!" he added with relief, "a hole in the right shoulder. Anyhow, you'd better see if there's a doctor on the train. I'll keep an eye on this one. I don't think, though, that there's a lot of fight left in him."

By now there were several inquisitive passengers crowded in the doorway discharging volleys of questions, but to all of them Richard presented a taciturn front.

He stood motionless until the guard returned with the doctor. Then when the trouble was over, and the prisoners safely in custody in the guard's van, he returned to the dark carriage, reached up to the rack for his lately-discarded newspaper and from its folds drew out a sheaf of bank-notes.

"A simple trick," he thought, "but it happened to succeed."

And, still impervious to questions, he continued the journey in another carriage. At Birmingham the prisoners were handed over to the police.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

KNOCKED OUT!

A BOXING SKETCH.

At last the moment arrives when you find yourself seated in a corner of the ring under the dazzling electric arc lights. As one in a dream you hear the murmur of many voices and see the blurred outline of faces. You hear the usual formalities gone through—vague instructions are whispered in your ear—a sharp word cuts through the air—

Time!

You rise from the chair and then from the opposite corner advances your opponent.

His skin seems beautifully white, you notice the powerful muscles of his arms, and for a moment your stomach turns cold with something very like "blue funk."

He seems to smile at your discomfiture; that pulls you round.

He looks very confident as he shapes up to you, but—smash! A million lights dance in front of your eyes, and you wonder if the building has fallen in.

He's laughing now. Good Lord! won't you just paste him for that!

You spar cautiously, and circle round, watching each other like cats.

He leaves an opening—smack! got him!

An unholy thrill of exultation comes over you as you feel your glove smash home hard on yielding flesh. You sail in for all you are worth.

Then—a sickening jar at your stomach, your brain reels—the devil who hits you has multiplied. There seem five or six of him now!

A mad unreasoning tempest tears at your heart, yet your head is cool. You crouch with your hands feeling in front, with murder in your eye.

With all the power of your triceps behind the blow, you drive hard at his face. Your other hand follows instinctively. Good! that's two to you!

He doesn't smile now. A curious set expression is upon his face, and a trickle of crimson shows at the corner of his mouth.

Your stomach still hurts. He landed there a little too well for your liking, but you've had revenge. Another couple like those last and——

Time!

You are placed in a chair. A deliciously cold sponge passes over your face. A fellow flaps a towel in front of you and your lungs feel grateful for the cool breeze he creates.

Someone is rendering like service to your opponent, you observe. He smiles across at you. Gad! He's a sport to smile after those smashes you landed and—

Time!

Once more you face each other. He's not smiling now. His eyes are fixed upon yours with a grim expression in them.

A rapid exchange of blows—a gasp of hot breath in your face—another shock on that poor stomach of yours. You draw back sick and dizzy.

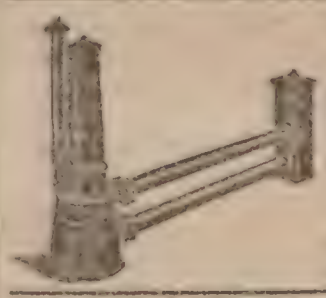
He sways sideways. You watch his arm doubled, and then—every bone in your head seems splintered! The great lights all blend into one blinding flash; you hear, as though far away, the roar of voices; then—darkness!

They tell you in the dressing-room that you made a good show. Sick and weary, you climb into your clothes.

A fellow comes over to you and holds out his hand. It's the devil who laid you out. He smiles—a smile that goes straight home to your heart. Hang it! he's one of the very best! He put you out in two rounds.

Gad! but wasn't it a lovely "scrap"!

A. G. GRANT.



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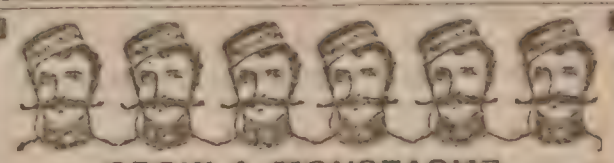

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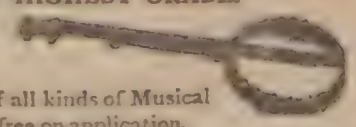

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THE ARISTOCRATIC IDIOT

A PRODUCT OF THE AGE.

It is marvellous how much better we should get on in this life if we were only—only someone else!

We say it with a sigh sometimes, when we watch a motor-car crawl in luxurious silence through the streets, with the gilded son of an aristocratic house, living on "unearned increment" and evidently not ashamed of the fact, lounging lazily in the cushioned tonneau.

So we take stock of him from his black tie with the turquoise pin to the pink silk socks that show above his patent leather shoes. We note that he wears his cap at an absurd angle, that the gold and enamelled-rimmed watch on his wrist is effeminate, that his hands are hardly manly, that his smile is supercilious.

"Bah!" we say, "what a blatant idiot!"

Then we should immediately thank the gods that have kindly turned our feelings of natural envy into unadulterated contempt.

Yet, when we pursue the thought, there is something in it after all. Money is an intoxicant—a drug if you will. Too much of it affects the brain adversely and tends to produce a state that borders on a leaning towards the grotesque.

PITY THEM!

That is why the majority of our aristocrats, affected, poor souls, by too much of the golden drug, are termed idiots by the clever people who earn just so much per week and are never auriferously inebriated.

It is merely the outcome of being able to have exactly what one wants, with nothing in this world left to be desired that can be purchased by money.

Cannot you pity these poor aristocratic idiots who *cannot* have a luxury? To a man who is in the habit of drinking champagne whenever he wants it, the wine is not so much to him as the bitter beer is to the clerk in the city who quaffs a pint in the luncheon hour. *He* may live in hopes of one day being wealthy enough to afford champagne, but the monied aristocrat, poor fellow, is denied even that ambitious aim. He has had champagne thrust upon him, or rather, down his throat.

Can it be wondered at, then, that most of those unfortunately circumstanced with all that money can buy do wild things to kill the *ennui* of their existence—even to becoming Socialists and reviling their ducal relations?

But it is only men with an abnormal amount of clever, if perverted, brains that can turn their auriferous inebriation to such notorious account. What of those with but the average share of "grey matter?"

HIS AMBITIONS.

This class of aristocratic idiot, shows the state of his mind in other ways, small, but nevertheless striking. His ambition in life is to be as clever as his chauffeur, as full of knowledge as his head gardener, and when he has drifted from youth into middle age, to assimilate, if possible, the intense respectability of his butler.

In the interregnum he acts up to his reputation for grotesque idiocy. One day it occurs to him to have his trousers creased at the side, but he only succeeds in looking a sartorial failure.

Then his mind is harassed on the sock question. Bond Street is called upon to provide electric-blue silk hose, with a gold thread clock, pale pink with tiny silver flowers, mouse-coloured grey with cornflower blue embroidery.

Bond Street does it, and awaits with confidence, the day when his colour scheme will consist of tartan ties and tartan socks, in the design that denotes some particular clan.

London, which would take but little notice of a Japanese gentleman in native costume in the Strand, makes no audible remarks. But in the provinces the small boys hold him up to derision, and make pert inquiries as to his sanity.

When he is following the Oxford style even to the permanent affectation of the unfastened bottom button of his waistcoat, those epigrammatic urchins do not hesitate to inform him that he has not properly dressed himself—and that in a manner that leaves no room for doubt.

He has all he can do to live down his inclusion in Debrett's pages. To prove he is really human, he has to make himself a madman, even, in some cases, to the "bonneting" of a man of the law in Leicester Square.

NOT WHAT HE WANTS.

Even then, perhaps, he finds that the policeman apologetically "'opes a gentleman like yourself will learn better manners"—and then bids the poor aristocratic idiot "good-night."

The policemen will not be kind enough to arrest him. If he steals anything, they know by his bank-book that he is only attempting to gain notoriety as a kleptomaniac. What then has life to offer to such an unfortunate being?

He is surfeited with race meetings. What is the use of trying to win money for which he has no use?

His father before him, of course, kept the best blood on the Turf. His ridiculous trainer imagines that he has done wonders when one of his noble owner's horses wins at Ascot or Goodwood.

The aristocratic idiot merely prays that they will not ask him the horse's pedigree at dinner. He never could understand how equine family affairs duly ticketed and numbered, were arranged. The Stud Book, of course, is Slavonic to him.

His is, therefore, a grotesque existence. Dinner parties are but ordinary things to him. Therefore he must have something more than a dinner party. Like his cousins in New York, he goes in for fads and freakish fashions such as repasts served on the floor. He probably gets a certain amount of fun out of it, when a ponderous baronet or new member of the beerage attempts the impossible in trying to cross his legs comfortably and toy with the caviare at the same time. We, to whom the mere dinner party, with its attendant wines, would be all-sufficient, should call this sinfully idiotic, brainless, and so on.

THE CULT OF THE GROTESQUE.

His houseboat at Henley has strange designs—possibly ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics enter largely into the decoration thereof—and a strange wooden god sits enthroned on the deck.

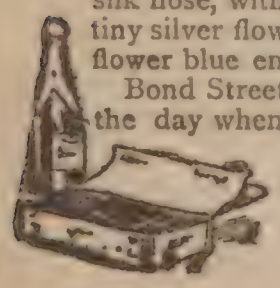
The ladies of the party will find that a pink bow round its neck suits its complexion, and they will make much fun of this inanimate thing. The extraordinary being as nothing to the poor moneyed aristocrat, he drifts naturally into the cult of the grotesque.

On the bonnet of his car sits a "Teddy Bear" with paws held out, or one hind leg upraised.

This no sane man would countenance. It is worse than childish. It is foolishness which borders almost on idiocy, but it causes the aristocratic idiot some little amusement. His friends laugh about the Teddy Bear, his womenfolk smilingly caress it.

Poor ambition in life, you say, merely to amuse and be amused? Then, pray that no distant relation shall be so unkind as to leave you wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. It will make Life only worth the dying.

CHARLES WILCOX.



RINGS.

If there is one moment more thrilling in a man's life than another, it is the moment when he finds himself faced with the delightful problem of buying a ring for the one person in all the world.

His desire, of course, is to present her with the finest diamonds that ever were seen on human fingers, and it is only when he visits the local jeweller's that he discovers the inadequacy of his purse to meet the demands of his heart.

To all in such a position the advice may safely be given that they should write to J. N. Master, Limited, of Rye, for their ring booklet, which will be sent post free on mentioning THE MODERN MAN. Here also the man will find rings at astonishingly low prices for his fingers.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietor of THE MODERN MAN has entered into an arrangement with the

GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE Assurance Corporation, Ltd.,

whereby any reader over 14 years of age may obtain an Insurance for

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

payable, subject to the terms and conditions of the Insurance, to the next-of-kin of the assured if he or she be killed by an accident to any RAILWAY TRAIN, OMNIBUS, TRAMCAR, CAB within the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands by which he or she is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger or the holder of a free pass.

The Insurance will hold good for one year from the date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt of the subjoined Application Form, filled in with the name, address, and occupation of the Applicant, accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. and an addressed envelope. These Insurances

No person may hold more than one of these Insurances in respect of the publication in which this announcement appears.

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NOTE.—Being independent of all Tariff Combinations this Corporation's Policies are free of all vexatious restrictions and conditions.

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GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN.

Form of Application for £500 Insurance.

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded at once to the Office.

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance above described, and to register my name as below, as the holder of such Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

Occupation, ...

Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

"DRUMS" (Smethwick). — All the Colonial mounted police forces are at present full up.

H. S. B. (Cardiff).—If in doubt, leave her out. In other words, don't marry the girl unless you feel you can't do without her. That's the advice we always give, and it's sound.

S. T. (Birmingham).—Why send your clothes to "wardrobe dealers" who give you next to nothing for them? Advertise them in our Readers' Sale and Exchange, and get a decent price.

D. W. (Windsor).—If you want to exchange your photograph with other Territorials, give us permission to print your full name and address. We'll soon have a collection for you.

F. D. (Salisbury).—Don't worry about a silver match-box. Most men nowadays carry an ordinary spell-box of wooden safeties that they have purloined from the household supply. You can't strike a match with any comfort on a silver box.

T. R. (Bristol).—There are many vacancies for motor-cab drivers in London at the present time, and several of the companies have cabs standing idle waiting for qualified young men. You ought to do pretty well in this line.

S. R. (Heysham).—There is nothing foppish in paying attention to your finger-nails. What merit would there be in neglecting them?

"EQUES" (Stafford).—Don't fight with the horse; probably he's only nervous. Get someone to hold him each time you mount. He'll be all right once he understands that you're not going to hurt him.

F. T. (Yatton).—Unmounted maps are just as good and cheaper. You can mount them for yourself on a piece of linen very cheaply and easily.

W. W. N. (Huntly).—Try wearing spectacles for a bit. You can often cure a weak eye that way, but go to some good optician for the spectacles.

A. G. W. (West Hartlepool).—Don't become a private detective. It's a sneaking sort of job, in spite of all the stories that have been written round it.

"PAL" (Worcester).—Our cordial thanks to you for getting us one new reader. We wish every other reader would do as much, but some just talk.

B. D. (Exeter).—With puttees used only for civilian purposes, cut the tapes off and fix them with a pair of breeches straps at the top. It saves a lot of time when you want to put them on in a hurry, and it looks neat.

C. F. (Hotel Cecil).—A will is legal if its meaning is plain. "All to mother" was one will that passed muster. If you doubt your ability to draw one up, however, get a lawyer to do it.

"EBBW" (Monmouth). — What do you want premium bonds for? If you must have them, get them through your banker.

M. O'B. (Dublin).—Consult your doctor about muscular rheumatism and don't patronise quacks. It is a trouble for which there is no certain cure, and we know of one doctor who suffers from it himself. Still, buck up—you might have many worse troubles.

A. M. (Burnley).—Smoking in moderation will not affect your voice, especially if you stick to a pipe.

E. C. (Colchester).—It is impossible for us to tackle a case of spinal curvature. Write to Professor Inch.

R. D. J. (Pontefract).—Try pantaloon breeches which button below the calf. Knee straps should keep most breeches from working up.

L. L. F. (Ealing).—Keep the stock of your rifle and the outside of the barrel oiled, as well as the bore. It will save you a lot of trouble from warping and dust.

TO DUBLIN READERS.—We are informed that there are several vacancies in the South Irish Horse; this is a straight tip for those Irish readers who want to ride a horse and wear the King's uniform. Other corps wanting recruits, please let us know; we can fill the ranks.

SCORING SHOTS AT BILLIARDS

SOME THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL TIPS FOR SUCCESS IN THE GREATEST OF INDOOR GAMES.

A very common mistake with the average amateur billiard player is attempting difficult shots, which even a first-class "pro" would quail at.

Breaks are built up from a succession of easy shots which a child could hardly miss—a truism, but one the force of which the amateur seldom realises.

The amateur, however, not only consistently goes for hard shots, which even if he makes them will "leave," if they do leave, purely as a matter of luck, not of judgment, but—a much graver fault—he makes difficult shots which should be as easy as falling off a log.

For example, the half-ball losing hazard should be a certainty nine times out of ten, yet few amateurs will make it five times out of ten, because they do not recognise the half-ball angle when they see it, and play the shot incorrectly, putting on side when none is required, or aiming at the wrong spot on the object ball.

TOO MUCH "SIDE."

Putting side on the cue ball when none is needed is another very common mistake with amateurs.

The moment you play with side you greatly increase the difficulties of, first, hitting your ball where you want to hit it, and, second, making your ball strike the object ball at the desired point.

There are many shots which should be played without any side at all, but which amateurs consistently play with side, to the ruination of their game, and the half-ball losing hazard is one of those easy shots which amateurs habitually make a mess of.

What is the half-ball shot? A simple example of it is when the red ball is on the spot and your ball in the jaws (but not angled) of either top pocket.

Hit your ball fairly in the centre with medium strength, aiming at the edge of the red ball, and your ball should automatically run in off the red into the other top pocket, the red being left over the middle pocket, so that you have another easy losing hazard.

USEFUL FOR PRACTICE.

A very good way of learning instantly to see when you have a half-ball shot left on is to have the natural or half-ball angle cut out in cardboard or paper, and practise placing the three balls at the natural angle, correcting your attempts by means of the diagram.

The half-ball shot, I repeat, requires no side. True, you will see professionals play it with a lot of side on the cue ball, but then they are purposely making an easy shot difficult in order to get position.

The amateur who is content to play the half-ball shot every time without side will add from 25 to 50 per cent. to his game.

A word on aiming. In the half-ball shot you strike your ball in the centre and aim at the edge of the object ball; your ball, however, does not strike the edge of the object ball, but makes a half-ball contact.

The amateur usually aims at the spot where he wishes his ball to hit the object ball, and he fails every time.

You should always, except when playing full on a ball, *aim roughly an inch wide of the spot where you wish your ball to hit the object ball.*

THE HALF-BALL SHOT.

In the half-ball shot the line of aim is from the centre of your ball to the outer edge of the object ball, but half of your ball is on either side of the line of aim, and that half intervenes and strikes the other ball before your ball can reach the edge.

It may sound complicated, but think it over, or, better still, place the balls at the natural angle, and you will see why your ball is always bound to strike the other ball half a ball, which is roughly an inch away from the spot aimed at.

The half-ball stroke is the foundation of all success for the amateur, who in ordinary circumstances cannot hope to attain the precision and nicety of touch for the top-of-the-table and the nursery cannon games by which professionals make their mammoth breaks.

Now, there are some very useful shots which look difficult that are really quite easy, and among these are long and short "jennies."

It often happens that the object ball is left just below a middle pocket, close to, but not touching, the cushion, the player being in hand.

THE WAY OUT.

The shot to play is a short jenny, or losing hazard, into the middle pocket, and when the amateur makes it he will generally get a round of applause.

Yet it is an easy shot, except when the object ball is very close to the cushion, or to the pocket, or more than eighteen inches or so below it.

This is a shot that requires plenty of check side—side, that is, that will make the ball twist inwards towards the pocket—and it should be played smoothly and gently. Any stabbing or jerking at the cue ball is fatal, as, indeed, it is in most strokes.

The short jenny into the middle pocket is a most useful shot, for it is practically bound to have an easy, ordinary losing hazard off the object ball.

Sometimes, however, the object ball is in a similar position just above a middle pocket, and the game is a long jenny into the top pocket.

Here, again, all that is needed is plenty of check side and a smooth, but rather harder, stroke. Played with good strength, the object ball should be left so that you have a half-ball loser into either top pocket.

A SOUND TIP.

In these cases you have been playing with the grain of the cloth, which always runs to the top of the table, but, should you not be in hand and have to try a short or long jenny against the grain of the cloth, then use *running* side.

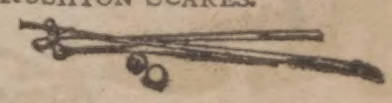
That is a useful and little-known tip, and, generally speaking, when playing against the grain of the cloth a little running side is advisable to counteract the friction of the cloth.

A screw-back generally "brings down the house," yet it is quite easy and often a very useful shot. Chalk the cue well, and hit your ball very low, striking downwards.

Another scoring shot that amateurs neglect is potting the white. It is not considered "the game," but that is usually all bosh. You will see a man go for a tremendously difficult cannon when, by potting the white, he would have left himself in position for a run of losing hazards off the red.

Position play requires great practice and perseverance, but here is a good general tip: Try always to keep both balls in front of you.

E. Rushton Scares.



THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPT. L. H. SAUNDERS.

NORFOLKS.

The regular attire affected by the 'Varsity man, who is as yet bound down by no absurd restrictions as to the wearing of "respectable" clothes, is a Norfolk coat and grey flannel trousers, and the Norfolk is undoubtedly *the* coat for the sportsman.

It is the ideal thing to change into in the evenings, when the temperature no longer makes a blazer possible. It can give freedom and warmth at once, and makes it possible to dispense with the unpleasant overcoat without still more unpleasant results.

It is no doubt expensive in the first instance, for you cannot get a really good Norfolk for much less than £3. But it will pay you to give that for it, since it will last almost a lifetime.

Get one with genuine pleats that will open out and give you greater freedom, and with a waistband sewn on to the coat so as to keep it in place. This enables you to keep the sides of the coat from getting in your way without having to button it all up the front, and without the loss of shape resulting from doing up the bottom button only.

The Norfolk is the best wear for all kinds of country sport, and even the townsman is glad to change his working clothes for it, whether for his evening exercise, or a pipe and a book.

A rough homespun makes the best material. Some favour a Harris tweed, but it takes some time to get rid of the strong scent of the rough cloth.

PRESSING TROUSERS.

A correspondent asks me whether there is any advantage in damping trousers before putting them into a press.

Personally I usually damp the knees of my trousers slightly where the cloth is stretched, before pressing them, and there is no doubt that if you are putting the trousers away for any length of time and desire a sharp crease, it is a good plan to damp the edges slightly.

The same reader asks whether it is preferable to use cardboard or thin wood to place between each pair of trousers.

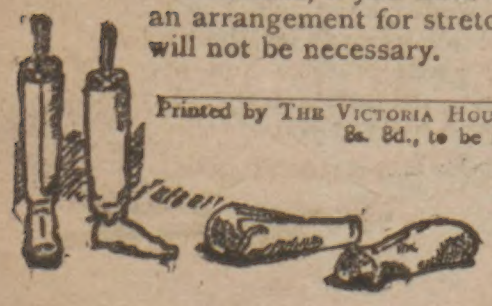
There is really very little to choose. A sheet of wood may give a slightly more even pressure, but a piece of cardboard is really all that is required, and reduces the weight and bulk of the press.

It is quite unnecessary to put a sheet between the legs of the trousers if they are put in properly, but it is not a bad plan to put in an extra piece of cardboard or several thicknesses of paper just over the knees of the trousers. It is here that the crease is most important and most difficult to maintain, and as in most presses the screws are at the four corners only, the pressure is less at the knees than anywhere else.

Always screw up the bottom of the press first, then stretch the trousers as much as possible by pulling evenly from the waist.

By laying the press on a table or bed with the top of the trousers hanging over the edge you can keep them stretched by pressing your legs against them while you tighten the top screws.

Of course, if you have one of those presses with an arrangement for stretching them attached, this will not be necessary.



FUR OVERCOATS.

One of the recognised signs of opulence, and, therefore, one invariably adopted by those who wish to cut a dash for business or other purposes, is the wearing of a fur-lined overcoat.

Nothing gives such an air of distinction to the man who has the build to carry it off as a fur overcoat, but it is a very expensive luxury.

However, for four or five pounds—which is not much more than you would have to give for a heavy winter overcoat of cloth—you can get a fairly good coat lined throughout with one of the less costly varieties of fur. But you must be prepared to live up to it with the rest of your attire.

An expedient adopted by some, which I would most strongly deprecate, is the putting of a fur collar and cuffs on a winter overcoat, while the inside is left lined with cloth.

This is altogether a Pharisaical proceeding, and is endeavouring to get the appearance of opulence above referred to by means of a cheap imitation.

It merely looks flashy when your coat is buttoned up and vulgar when it is unbuttoned and the cloth lining appears.

But for a certain type of coat, with a plain black lining, an astrachan collar looks very well. No one expects a coat to be lined throughout with astrachan, which is, as you probably know, made from the skins of lambs in a district of south-east Russia.

It is best restricted, however, to the collar, and the cuffs should be left plain.

EVENING WAISTCOATS.

With the dancing season already in sight it may be of interest to consider the most popular style of evening dress waistcoat.

The fashionable cut, as I have pointed out before, has an opening of a rather blunt V-shape, instead of the almost oval opening of some years ago.

But it is with the most suitable material for those who like their evening waistcoat on full-dress occasions to relieve the monotony of their black attire, and to give a slight touch of distinction to it, that I am concerned at present.

The usual alternative to the black cloth waistcoat is one of white piqué, and some of the best-dressed men never wear anything else.

A white linen waistcoat, if well cut, with four closely-set buttons and points cut well away, is hard to beat for smartness. But there are other materials even for those who prefer to stick to white, and silk or brocade, though a little more expensive, look extremely well.

The pleated white waistcoat has appeared at rare intervals during the last two years, and though it is rather an unnecessary elaboration, it looks smart with a plain starched shirt front.

The pleated shirt is best avoided with a pleated waistcoat, but for dances, and for "undress" wear—especially with a dinner jacket, it seems to have at last broken down the prejudice of the would-be smart, and to have come into fashion.

The invasion of colour into man's attire has, in the matter of evening dress, attacked the waistcoat first. Only the palest tints of lavender, blue, buff or similar light shades are possible, but the result is a considerable brightening up of masculine evening dress.

The best materials are either cloth of close texture and smooth surface or a rather coarse kind of linen.

WATERPROOFING BOOTS.

Many and various are the receipts given for making boots waterproof, but one often used by Tommy Atkins on his ammunition boots is as good a one as I know.

He goes to the cookhouse and begs a lump of suet, which, together with his boots, he holds before the fire, rubbing the suet well into the leather.

The tip is not much use for town wear, of course, for it makes it impossible to get a good polish, but for marching or shooting boots, or heavy walking boots it is most valuable, as it helps to soften the leather, as well as keeping out the damp.

PATENT TOE-CAPS.

It is often a difficult question to decide whether one will use for town wear ordinary black boots or patent leathers.

That patents look smarter, and save much trouble in cleaning, few will deny. But they have two serious disadvantages, first, that they are liable to crack across the top, and second, that they are hot and draw the feet.

The best way of circumventing the difficulty is, as usual, a compromise.

Get a pair of plain black leather or glacé kid boots with a toe-cap of patent leather.

By this means you save all the discomfort of patent leather uppers, and the look of the boots is not spoilt by cracks between the toe-cap and the bottom of the lace.

But the part of a boot that is the first to show the dirt in muddy weather, and which, if well polished, gives the greatest appearance of smartness to the foot, is the toe-cap.

By having a patent toe-cap, therefore, you save much labour in cleaning and ensure a neat looking boot.

Price 5/9 Carriage Paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. **7 DAYS' APPROVAL.** Money returned if not satisfied.

Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the **KING?**

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Autumn Suit from us and be fitted by **Mr. ELLIS,** who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
That Messrs. Ellis cannot be beaten for Style, Fit, and Material.

LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green **MATERIALS.** **50/-**

TRY US.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

This is a sample of style and fit. We size it.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Navy serge Suit, only worn a few times; cost 50s., will take 20s. Dark grey showerproof overcoat, misfit; cost 60s., will take 30s.; will fit a slight man 5ft. 10in.; great value.—Box 1183, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Black Suit, condition as new, good tailor, cost £3 3s., sell 25s.; chest 34in., height 5ft. 6in., medium.—Box 1190, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fashionable dark tweed Suit, as new, cost 35s., sacrifice, 16s.; fit person 5ft. 9in., chest 40in.—Box 1191, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Pair of well-made willow calf brown shoes, genuine hand-sewn, size 7, scarcely worn; cost 25s.; will sell 15s. Too small for owner.—Box 1188, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentlemen's Shoes, sixes; mackintosh coat, 12s. 6d., as new.—Box 1193, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Double-barrel gun, new last season, perfect condition; cost 50s.; exchange for rifle.—E. Hughes, Cynlas, Bridge Street, Lampeter, Wales.

"To Sportsmen!" Good advice *re* Autumn Races. Send stamped address.—Gerald Bullen, c.o. Davies and Co., 9, Canning Chambers, Liverpool.

Sandell Grey Developer with 3-course exercises; cost 15s.; take 8s.—Box 1184, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Ju-jitsu (illus. book, 3d.), boxing, exercises (curative, corrective), personal and postal tuition; lowest fees; outfits supplied.—Volunteer Instructor Smith, 81, High Road, Chiswick, W.

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Wanted, a pair of rubber-tyred Warner wheels, 26in. to 28in., must be in perfect condition; will purchase or offer iron-tyred wheels, 25in., in part exchange.—Box 1194, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Barton Gillette clipper, 15s., cost £3 10s.—Box 1195, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Sacrifice smart and fashionable set pony brown harness, splendidly brass mounted, 70s.—Box 1196, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gent.'s magnificent hogskin modern safety riding saddle, full equipage, 75s.—Box 1197, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Motor-cycle, 1¾-h.p., light weight, splendid condition; cheap, seen by appointment.—S. Smith, 41, Chestnut Road, Tottenham, N.

Gentleman's safety for sale, good condition, Chater Lea fittings, £3; or exchange cartridge magazine or gun cases, or anything useful.—Box 1200, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's 26in. frame roadster, splendid condition, 70s.—Box 1201, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, gentleman's good 24in., 3-speed preferred; exchange oboe, 17 keys, equal new, value £8 8s.—Box 1102, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Collie, pedigree male, nearly year old, beautiful dog, mistress deceased cause selling, £3.—Box 1203, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Airedale pups, both sexes; 4 months; good specimens; splendid pedigree; value £1; exchange anything useful; prefer (nine's) shooting-boots; no rubbish offered or wanted.—Box 1185, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

Incubator, 60-egg, Peripage, nearly new, price £1; exchange.—Box 1205, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Heating apparatus of all kinds for all purposes.—See Marathon Boiler Co.'s advertisement, page 21.

"DIGS."

Comfortable bed-sitting-room; moderate; board as required; 15 minutes from City, 'buses pass the door; very homely.—G., 227, Wandsworth Bridge Road, Fulham.

Tooting.—Good home offered, gentleman, close common, trams, and railway; terms moderate; board as required.—Box 1204, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

Over 400 useful stamps in Empire 5s. album, 6s., very cheap; also 454 stamps, in old Oppen album, 7s. 6d., to clear.—Box 1206, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London,

53 clean Ceylon stamps, all different, catalogue £10, only 50s.—Box 1208, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Banjo, most handsome inlaid; another, large inlaid mother-o'-pearl, antiques. What offers?—Box 1209, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, E flat bombardon, or double B flat; must be fair condition and cheap.—Box 1210, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Good Handwriting. Complete lessons of new simple method. Postal order 1s.—B. Bargh, 2, Broomhall Road, Old Whittington, near Chesterfield.

Practical Grocer; 4 vols, new; cost 30s.; take 14s. A book that should be read by all young men in the trade.—Box 1187, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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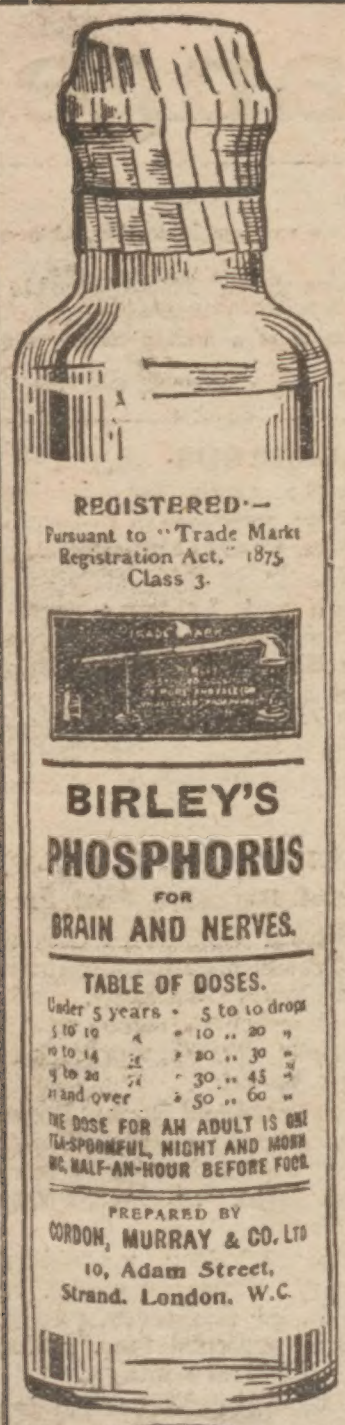

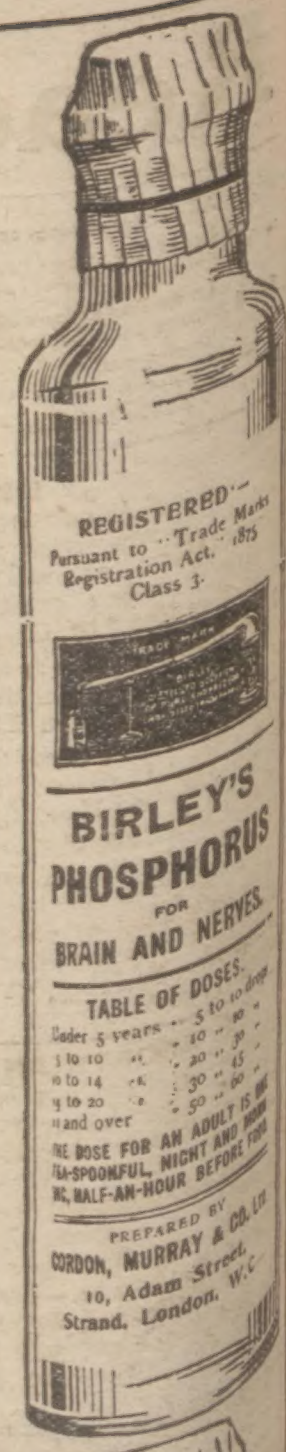

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